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IRISH SEDITION.

THE decision of the Government to prosecute certain of the speakers at a recent anti-rent meeting in Sligo has probably not been taken without due consideration of difficulties and risks which are obvious on the surface. It may be presumed that the Government and its law officers have satisfied themselves of the practicability of finding, even in the West of Ireland, juries that may be trusted to try charges of agrarian sedition. In any case the danger of a possible miscarriage of justice cannot be more serious than that of passively tolerating public incitements to lawless violence. It was time that law and authority should take some cognizance of persistent attempts to inflame popular passion; and it is only to be wished that it were practicable to bring to justice the responsible leaders of Irish sedition rather than their obscure followers. Ireland is much nearer than Asia Minor, and it seems to be almost equally in danger of anarchy. The lowest of the population are indeed the disturbers of order, and not the victims of oppression; but a concerted attack on property is as dangerous as license and turbulence which may at any time be suppressed by force. The shameless demagogues who have unfortunately been in some districts aided by priests have had no difficulty in reviving the traditions of menace and assassination. It is stated, on apparently good authority, that the majority of attendants at the meetings consist of the rabble of the towns, who have not even the excuse of attachment to the land for their sympathy with murder. It is probable that the great body of tenants would pay their rent as willingly as on former occasions, subject to reductions which may in some instances be just or advisable. The agitators and their accomplices direct the machinery of terror not so much against landlords and agents as in coercion of tenant-farmers who are suspected of the crime of honesty. At the meetings there are always among the audience references to deadly weapons, which seem never in a single instance to have been seriously rebuked by lay or clerical orators. Mr. PARNELL had at a late meeting the audacity to assert that his agitation had saved many lives which would have been sacrificed to popular indignation but for the novel hope of relief from future payment of rent. The cynical assumption that his clients are habitual assassins is probably an exaggeration. They must entertain a disinterested passion for murder if they are not satisfied with the benefits which Mr. PARNELL advises them to secure for themselves. They are told to offer the landlord such a portion of rent as they think just, and if he declines to give a receipt in full, they are to retain the whole, and also to keep possession of the land. The penalty of refusing to defraud their landlords is not the payment of rent, but death inflicted by secret conspirators on their neighbours and equals who may be guilty of obeying the law. One of the advantages which the demagogues promise to their adherents is the opportunity of purchasing the fee which has first been rendered valueless to the owner by non-payment of rent. It is doubtful whether small freeholds bought under the BRIGHT Clauses or the Irish Church Act will ultimately tend to increase Irish prosperity. Land held in full ownership by the occupier is, it seems, constantly burdened to the full amount of its value, and eventually it is subdivided. It is possible that, if property were generally held in small patches, errors in cultivation

or in economical management would be gradually corrected. There is a general agreement that the experiment ought to be tried; but it will necessarily be interrupted if other farms of the same kind are to be had for nothing.

Mr. SHAW and other respectable members of the party guard themselves against complicity with the unscrupulous defiance of law and justice which has raised their rivals above them in popularity; but they also, though they sincerely protest against crime, swell the cry of complaint against the existing state of landed property. There is undoubtedly a certain amount of agricultural distress in Ireland; and the professed friends of the tenantry urge the owners to undertake works of improvement which might provide employment for the poorer classes, and at the same time render the land more productive. It is idle to expect a landlord to spend money in draining bogs or reclaiming wastes while he is threatened with violent spoliation. An improving landlord in England charges his tenant on his outlay with a percentage which is added to the rent. Irish owners would certainly not find that the agreed interest on capital was in any degree more sacred in the eyes of the occupier or his advisers than the agreed sum which is due for the use of the land. Many landlords must be in danger of ruin if the law is not effectually vindicated; and any resources of which they dispose will be necessarily reserved for the maintenance of themselves and their families. It is impossible that the agitators can have overlooked an inevitable consequence of their proceedings. There is no reason to suppose that they have in any instance seriously considered the interests even of the class to which alone they profess devotion. It is satisfactory to learn from the statements of Lord LIFFORD and some other Irish landlords that they are not discouraged by revolutionary menaces; but there is reason to fear that the more cheerful view of their position is not generally shared.

Sir GEORGE BOWYER has written a forcible letter on the new agitation. The leaders of the popular party have already announced his dismissal from the representation of Wexford; and they will not, as far as their influence extends, tolerate among Irish members a constitutional lawyer who is also a loyal subject and a supporter of order. It is natural that an English Roman Catholic, excluded by absurd bigotry from a seat in his own country, should seek a refuge in Ireland; but some surprise was felt when Sir G. BOWYER satisfied a condition of his election for Wexford by his adhesion to Home Rule. At that time many members of the party, perhaps including Mr. BUTT, really thought their professed object unattainable, if indeed it was intelligible. Sir G. BOWYER at once saw that a mere general decision in favour of Home Rule would never be taken by the House of Commons. To satisfy his intellectual conscience he invented, or borrowed from American precedents, an elaborate scheme of a subordinate Irish Parliament, to be secured and restrained in the exercise of its functions by a judicial authority such as that which belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States. His project was probably consistent and practicable on paper; but it was received by his colleagues of the Home Rule party with extreme disfavour. Some of them were not prepared to identify Home Rule with simple Repeal of the Union or actual separation, but they would have forfeited popular support by offering eager patriots a Parliament

which resembled the Legislature of one of the States of the American Union. Mr. BUTT, with a sound instinct, abstained from propounding a plan which, if it had been definite, would have been visibly impossible. He never brought his Lords and Commons into a shape so substantial as to remind his followers that there were no peers who wanted seats in an Irish House of Commons. Sir G. BOWYER was convinced that a great constitutional difficulty would not be removed by vague avoidance of all reference to its nature and gravity. Without some check an Irish Parliament would immediately have claimed supreme power, while any effective limitation of its functions would have been thought more oppressive than the present constitution. Even if he had not been prospectively ejected from his seat, Sir G. BOWYER would perhaps have failed to satisfy his constituents that he was still an advocate of Home Rule. He is nevertheless justified in resenting the sudden seizure of supremacy in the party by its most ignorant and reckless members.

One result of the present agitation is, as he says, the abandonment of Home Rule. It is remarkable that Mr. PARNELL has lately told his mob meetings that the scheme which the party was professedly formed to support is for the present suspended; yet the Irish voters in Great Britain are directed to support only candidates who will vote for inquiry into a measure which is not even to be proposed. The purchasers of the Irish vote in large towns will really pledge themselves, not to the appointment of a Committee on Home Rule, but to the encouragement of an agitation for the virtual transfer of property. Promises to follow Mr. BUTT were comparatively innocuous because they were flagrantly insincere. Sycophantic politicians who court the favour of the Irish rabble in Yorkshire or Lancashire will now have full notice that the leader of the party is Mr. PARNELL. If moderate Liberals or politicians not pledged to a party have really any electoral power, their sympathies will be more thoroughly repelled by complicity with the PARNELLS and BIGGARS than by any opinions about Turkey and Afghanistan. It is not known whether the Opposition managers have yet relinquished the hope of alliance with the Irish followers who have an official leader in Mr. SHAW and a master in Mr. PARNELL. Mr. FAWCETT alone, among the most conspicuous members of the Liberal party, has spoken boldly and manfully on the criminality of tampering with proposals for the destruction of the empire. As he probably foresaw, the Irish agitators, of whom Mr. SULLIVAN is one, are taking steps to defeat his election. Although the agitation for Home Rule may be postponed for the present, the future demand will be, not for a local Legislature by the side of the Imperial Parliament, but for total separation. Indeed, if Mr. PARNELL succeeds in establishing his singular proprietary doctrines in Ireland, there would be no resemblance between the laws and administration of the two countries. It is to be regretted that Sir G. BOWYER should, as he announces, retire from public life; but he already occupied an untenable position. For politicians of his class and temperament there is no room among Irish representatives who still derive their designation from Home Rule. Mr. BUTT was virtually superseded before he died.

#### TURKISH REFORMS.

THE latest accounts of Turkish affairs are at least negatively satisfactory so far as they contradict several disturbing rumours. It was indeed incredible that Lord DUFFERIN, one of the most discreet of diplomatists, should have informed the correspondent of a Russian newspaper that the issue of peace or war depended on Prince GORTCHAKOFF. There is, for the moment at least, no cause or pretext for war, although unfortunately the violent language of Russian journals is always official, inasmuch as it is specially permitted. It is said that in a recent order of the censorship that there should be no discussion on the alliance between Germany and Austria, express licence was allowed to attack England and Turkey. The English Embassy at St. Petersburg has been instructed to contradict the story of the interview with Lord DUFFERIN. It further appears that no ultimatum has been addressed to the SULTAN, and it is unnecessary to add that the term fixed for the reply was not ten days. The fleet has not been again ordered to prepare for leaving Malta; but the former threat of a movement to Besika Bay has

not been explained. The preposterous fiction of a demand by the English Government for the cession of a port in the Black Sea scarcely needed contradiction. The authors of the story perhaps forgot that no English ship of war could in time of peace obtain access to such a port. The Russian Government was supposed to have announced that the acceptance or seizure of a port in the Black Sea would be regarded as a cause of war. Although such a mode of expressing resentment might perhaps be justifiable, Russia would not improbably prefer the alternative of demanding a port for herself in the Egean. Finally it is announced that no alliance has been formed among the petty States which were lately parts of the Turkish Empire. The only importance of such an arrangement would have consisted in the indication that war was probable. One of the rumours may perhaps lead to a useful result. For a whole day the general belief that the fleet was to be despatched to Turkish waters created a kind of panic in the City. The Ministers will be well advised in taking notice of an opinion which is expressed, not in words, but in the prices of securities. The boasts of followers, and still more the incessant clamour of opponents, have produced a general suspicion that the Government is inclined to sudden and startling measures. Ingenious artists in political fiction are naturally encouraged in the exercise of their occupation by any circumstance which renders their inventions credible.

The only authentic fact which remains is that great pressure has been applied to the Turkish Government, which is itself principally interested in following sound advice. Since the appointment of the present Ministers, the reform of the administration of the Empire is considered so urgent that compliance with the SULTAN'S engagements is peremptorily demanded. The principal members of the Cabinet have always opposed the correction of abuses, and the English influence which for many years has been employed for that purpose. One of them was the confidential adherent of the Russian Ambassador, who deliberately encouraged corruption and tyranny in preparation for foreign interference. Sir HENRY LAYARD was himself engaged in an inquiry into the maladministration of Asia Minor when the SULTAN took advantage of his absence to remove Ministers who were apparently sincere in their intentions of reform. The representations made to the Turkish Cabinet have at least produced promises of improvement. The official announcement of reforms, "to be proved by certain and brilliant facts," seems to apply, even if the facts had occurred, only to the European provinces, unless the so-called reorganization of the Ministry may be supposed to affect the whole Empire. But SAID and MAHMOUD NEDIM will not reorganize themselves out of the power of exercising despotism caprice. It is not certain that the representative system which was introduced by MIDHAT PASHA would not, if it had been retained, have afforded the best prospect of reform; and it certainly is an argument in favour of MIDHAT'S Constitution that Russia insisted on its suppression as one of the conditions of peace. Notwithstanding the possible tampering of some of the Ministers with Russian intrigues, the prospect of the entire abandonment of Turkey to its fate is still thought alarming. Accordingly liberal promises have been made; and if it is true that BAKER PASHA has been appointed to a high post in Asia Minor, some proof of temporary sincerity has been given. A vigorous officer of approved military capacity, placed in command of the local troops and police, is not likely to allow his powers to remain unused. From the great mass of the population he will meet with willing obedience, if not with active co-operation; for, amidst anarchical misrule, men fear not excesses of lawful authority, but weak or corrupt toleration of crime. No culprit will try to bribe an English officer; and if he has a moderate force at his disposal, Kurdish and Circassian chieftains will seldom venture on open resistance. His great difficulty will consist in obtaining from Constantinople the means of regular and sufficient payment for his force; but the English Government and Ambassador will not fail to insist on compliance with his reasonable demands.

The enterprise of rescuing Asiatic Turkey from its present misery will hereafter be judged by its success or failure. In a certain sense the undertaking may be deemed quixotic; but, if real good is effected, the Government will easily be forgiven for a deviation from the policy of national selfishness. It is remarkable that during the



controversy of late years little has been said or thought of the commercial interests which are involved in the maintenance of the residue of the Turkish Empire. Wherever the Russian frontier is advanced English commerce recedes to the same extent, except when, as in the countries bordering on the Caspian, contraband trade partially counteracts vicious legislation. The commercial question had nevertheless little to do with the Anglo-Turkish Convention or with the present activity of English diplomacy at Constantinople. Even the political object of checking the inordinate aggrandizement of Russia was subordinate to the hope of regenerating civilization and prosperity in Asia Minor. The task is not easy, and at the best it will be but imperfectly accomplished. Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF repeats to his constituents the assertion which he made in the House of Commons, that Turkish government is thoroughly bad. He would perhaps not be unwilling to correct his statement by the admission that here and there upright administrators succeed in establishing local exceptions to the general rule of misgovernment. Where authority is necessarily personal and despotic, the difference between a good and bad governor or judge is practically much greater than in countries of more complicated organization. There are, here and there, districts in Asiatic Turkey practically exempt from oppression and extortion, because by some happy accident they are governed by honest men. The English consular agents are competent witnesses to the merits of good local rulers, because they receive throughout the empire the appeals and supplications of all classes, Mahometan or Christian, who suffer by misrule. Nothing is more familiar to Consuls or their deputies than earnest solicitations for the establishment of English dominion in their district. Not only is it known that English officers are invariably on the side of justice, but the report of the good government of India has been widely spread throughout Western Asia by the many thousands of pilgrims who annually visit Arabia. The impediments which render the extension of English territory inexpedient or impossible apply with less force to the improvement of Turkish administration.

Some recent speakers against the Government have been inclined to extend to Asiatic Turkey the intolerant policy which has been approximately accomplished in the European liberated provinces. The cruelty to which Mahometans have been exposed in Bulgaria would be condoned by sectarian zealots and one-sided philanthropists if it were practised in Asia Minor; but it unluckily happens that in that country there are ten or twelve millions of Mahometans, forming a large majority of the whole population. It is impossible to drive them out of the country, or even to retain them as a subject race under a dominant aristocracy of Christians. They have in former times undoubtedly taken advantage of their privileged position; and in many places they still assert their traditional superiority. It is difficult, but not impossible, to establish just administration among the adherents of different religions; but the Mahometans themselves must by this time have become aware of the impossibility of maintaining the present anarchy. If they and their rulers obstinately refuse to listen to the friendly counsels of England, they will endure the consequences of Russian conquest. Resistance would be found hopeless; and of the consequences of forcible subjection they may judge by the fate of their coreligionists in the Caucasus. It is not known whether the Government at Constantinople has been warned of the results which may follow its refusal to perform its engagements under the Anglo-Turkish Convention. The vast Empire which, after all his losses, still remains to the SULTAN is worth keeping; and it can only be preserved by obedience to the advice and demands of England. If any statesman is to be found in Turkey, he must be aware of the risk which is incurred in delaying to profit by the existence of a friendly Government in England. Notwithstanding Lord HARTINGTON's provisional acceptance of the engagements of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Ministry, it is doubtful whether Turkey will enjoy the goodwill of the next Government.

#### THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT AND THE VATICAN.

THE speech of the Belgian PRIME MINISTER, delivered on Wednesday last, is interesting in more ways than one. There is of course its chief and immediate value as evidence

of the conciliatory spirit which LEO XIII. has displayed towards the Belgian Government. After the experience which Europe has had of Pius IX., it is strange to find a Pope declaring that, in the actual conditions of modern society, the system of liberty established in Belgium is more favourable to the Church than any other kind of Government, and that it is the duty of Roman Catholics not merely to abstain from attacking it, but to actively defend it. This was said by the POPE in answer to an address from Belgian Catholic journalists; and it is not surprising to learn that when the bearers of the address got back to their homes, they made as little as possible of the reply they had received. Even Catholic journalists must live, and how are they to live in Belgium if they follow the POPE's advice, and do not transgress the limits of moderation? LEO XIII. may be quite right when he says that causes which are true and just gain nothing by being defended with violence or excess of language; but the rule does not always apply to the defenders of true and just causes. Many of the 114 newspapers which joined in the address to the POPE would probably be very dull reading if it were not for the strength of their theological polemic. Subscribers who have been accustomed to have the necessary impiety of Liberalism served up hot every morning would not be much affected by a moderate and reasonable article. They might even buy the Liberal journal in preference to the Catholic, on the ground that the next best thing to reading abuse of your enemy is to read his abuse of you. When a good Catholic is going to disregard the POPE's advice, it is only decent that he should disregard it quietly. In this respect the Belgian Ultramontanes have shown themselves excellent Catholics. They have not done what the POPE recommended them to do, since this would have involved them in disobedience to the higher law of party consistency; but they have scrupulously kept the POPE's recommendations to themselves, and thus prevented their disobedience from giving either scandal to weak-kneed Catholics or occasion for blasphemy to Liberals. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE and some other people who are terribly alarmed at the perfection of Ultramontane organization, and at the completeness of the submission which the bishops render to the Vatican, may be cheered to find how strictly the condition "provided that the Vatican gives the orders we like" has been observed. Ultramontanism would have been far more really dangerous if the bishops and clergy had turned round as soon as a new Pope was elected, and had yielded the same willing obedience to the liberal LEO that they had previously rendered to the obscurantist PIUS. As it is, the event has pretty well shown that PIUS IX. was obeyed not so much because he was Pope as because his injunctions jumped with the Catholic tendencies of the time. It would need as long a pontificate for LEO XIII. to secure the same unquestioning submission.

Another point of interest is the difficulty of interfering, and the unwillingness which the POPE consequently shows to interfere, with the action of a great bureaucracy. It is often assumed that the Pope can do anything he likes. This is really true in the sense in which it is true that a Roman Emperor could do anything he liked. The Emperor had to reckon in numberless ways with a vast network of subordinates, whose co-operation was absolutely necessary for the execution of the Imperial decrees. It is just the same with the Pope. He cannot be in all parts of Christendom at once. What he says must be translated into action by hundreds of bishops belonging to different races, and speaking different tongues. How is the Pope to make sure that every word he says is given its just weight and no more? Even an Ambassador often insensibly modifies the statement which he is directed to make to a Government, and the Pope has to deal with a crowd of Ambassadors accredited, not to Courts trained in the language of diplomacy, but to parishes and congregations unaccustomed to minute niceties of speech, and naturally disposed to give the Pope's instructions the significance they expect them to bear. Added to this is the difficulty that the opposition of this episcopal bureaucracy is often founded on principles which the Pope does not wish to question. What he dislikes is not the principle itself, but the particular application given to it. It is much less easy, however, to condemn an application than to condemn a principle. Every subordinate must be allowed some amount of discretion in carrying out the directions of his superior; and when the Belgian bishops declare that

their action is consistent with such and such maxims which the POPE has approved, and the POPE cannot deny that it is consistent with them, it is not always possible for him to undo what they have done. They are like injudicious magistrates who strain the law, but do not pervert it. They are within their right, and though every sensible man condemns the use which they have made of their right, it is much easier to do this than to deprive them of the right they have abused. Unfortunately for the religious tranquillity of Belgium, the division between Catholics and non-Catholics coincides in a remarkable degree with the division between Conservatives and Liberals. Consequently the fury of political partisanship is added to the rancour of theological partisanship. The Liberals will be no gentler in their tone because the POPE counsels gentleness to the Catholics. On the contrary, they will probably make the POPE's moderation a weapon with which to harass the Catholics more effectively. It is not in human nature to sit down patiently under such temptation as this. If the Liberals would be silent, the Catholics think that they could be silent too; but as the Liberals do not withhold their taunts, the Catholics cannot withhold their answers. These answers naturally take the shape of a denial that the POPE's words mean what they seem to mean, and of protestation that there will be no change in their attitude, because the POPE's speeches, properly understood, do not counsel any change.

It is only by slow degrees, therefore, that the real influence of the POPE's attitude in Belgian affairs will be realized. The way in which it will probably operate is, happily, also the way in which it is most to be desired that it should operate. It will tend by degrees to build up a moderate party among both Catholics and Liberals. Such a party will be animated by pretty nearly identical principles where the mutual relations of religion and politics are concerned. They will have their own opinions both on religion and on politics, taken separately; but they will touch one another wherever the question to be decided has to do with that borderland which belongs to neither, and has so much to do with both. Hitherto the formation of such a party has been barred on both sides. Catholics who disliked the violence of Ultramontaniam have been warned that no milder methods would serve the purpose. Liberals who disliked the violence of secularism have been bidden to take their choice between the two extremes, and reminded that there is no mean interposed between them. After M. FRÈRE ORBAN'S speech and the publication of the Papal despatches promised in it, moderation cannot be condemned as impracticable. The moderate party among Catholics will now have LEO XIII. to point to as the founder of their creed. By degrees peaceable Catholics will begin to ask themselves whether the POPE is not a better exponent of the Church's mind than their own bishops; and peaceable Liberals will begin to ask whether it is necessary to quarrel with the Church because the Church sometimes allows the good sense of her chief pastor to be obscured by the violence of subordinates. There is nothing apparently in the new Education Act that will really interfere with this happy consummation. It makes the distinction between the Church and the school more complete than we are accustomed to see it in England; but it leaves the clergy opportunities for giving religious instruction, which, if well used, may be no less effectual than those which they possessed under the Act which has just been repealed.

#### MR. FORSTER AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AT LEEDS.

OF all the Opposition speeches which have lately been made Mr. FORSTER'S was best calculated to serve the interests of the party. In dealing with foreign politics he was less violent than several of his former colleagues, and his dignity and good temper contrasted favourably with the intemperate declamation of the Duke of ARGYLL. For almost the first time since the beginning of preparations for the election Mr. FORSTER propounded a domestic policy for the Liberal party. He professed to have no authority to speak for others; but the next Administration is virtually pledged to deal with all the matters which Mr. FORSTER enumerated. It may perhaps be a relief to nervous opponents of the present Government to find that the

abolition of the English and Scotch Establishments is not yet included in the list of imminent changes. Mr. FORSTER, who has himself never joined in the agitation, asked an eager partisan in the crowd who suggested an attack on the Church whether the tasks appointed for a future Parliament were not already arduous enough. The most determined enemy of the Church and of other existing institutions might well be content to defer the levelling process until the implements of destruction are prepared. The democratic readjustment of the electoral system is a convenient or necessary condition of the accomplishment of all ulterior designs. With sound judgment of the objects which he desires to pursue, Mr. FORSTER, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, is bent, in the first instance, on effecting a comprehensive redistribution of seats. When there is no longer any check on the absolute supremacy of numbers, the scruples of educated and wealthy minorities may be summarily disregarded. It matters little whether household or universal suffrage is in the first instance preferred, for the democracy will inevitably remove, as soon as equal electoral districts secure its monotonous dominion, any trivial impediments which may seem to interfere with its absolute supremacy.

Mr. FORSTER would perhaps differ from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on many remoter issues of domestic policy, but there can be no doubt that the most extreme party will profit exclusively by the new system of representation. Mr. FORSTER himself avows the purpose of transferring political power to a new class of the community. It is to be regretted that he agrees with Mr. GLADSTONE in denouncing the influence of the thoughtful and instructed politicians whom, like his leader, he describes by the contumelious title of idlers in clubs. As almost all members of the upper and upper middle classes wholly or partly resident in London frequent clubs, the imputation of idleness is scarcely worthy of Mr. FORSTER'S habitual candour and courtesy. An active member of a laborious profession is not an idler because he spends an hour or two in the afternoon in playing at whist, or reading the papers, or perhaps talking about the politics of the day. Mr. FORSTER nevertheless says that the artisans of the great towns, if not the country labourers, are more earnest, which may in a certain sense be true, and more intelligent, which is certainly false. Men of letters and men of business apply their earnestness not to impetuous action, but to deliberate consideration of expediency. They but partially share the enthusiasm which is excited among masses of men by Mr. GLADSTONE'S invariable earnestness in the pursuit of objects which are always varying. The changes which Mr. FORSTER with good reason hopes to effect through his enlarged and uniformly distributed constituencies are severally much less important than the establishment of a pure democracy. It is scarcely necessary to wait till household suffrage and redistribution of seats are completed for a large alteration in the tenure of land. When Lord TAVISTOCK, Lord RIFON, and Lord HARTINGTON are prepared to abolish family settlements, humbler proprietors have no chance of resisting changes which will profoundly affect the social and economical condition of England. Mr. FORSTER'S third proposal that rural municipalities should be established, though it is neither revolutionary nor unreasonable, tends in the same direction. The present Government is greatly to blame for having trifled with the question of county administration by bringing forward in two successive Sessions Bills which were not substantial enough to deserve serious support. Liberal legislation will follow the precedent of the Municipal Corporations Act, with the result perhaps of allowing the present rulers of country districts too little power.

While Mr. FORSTER expressed unqualified disapproval of the foreign policy of the Government, he may perhaps have been glad of an excuse for not entering into minute details. As a calm and temperate politician, he would not have been inclined to echo the vituperative language of Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. LOWE; and he resorted for fuller information to an orator of his party who possesses special knowledge of Indian subjects. He was not mistaken in supposing that the Duke of ARGYLL would be prepared to supply all omissions of censure or abuse. The DUKE'S speech at Leeds condensed into a limited space all the indignation of his pamphlet in two volumes, while the arguments which purported to justify unmitigated wrath were necessarily withheld. It is surprising that an experienced statesman who is also a prac-



tical and eloquent speaker should be blind to the rhetorical error of indiscriminate denunciation. If in an audience of twenty thousand there were twenty dispassionate listeners they must have been provoked to distaste, to surprise, and finally to incredulity. To every opponent whom he favoured with his notice the Duke of ARGYLL addressed, among other amenities, a flat contradiction. Lord SALISBURY has in a short and dignified letter conclusively answered one of the Duke of ARGYLL's rude contradictions. The bad taste and bad feeling of the speech were not even redeemed by careful accuracy of statement. Mr. CROSS as well as Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY had ventured to make some statement on Eastern affairs, and, like his colleagues, Mr. CROSS had said what was not true; yet it can scarcely be the habit of a number of English Ministers publicly to affirm deliberate falsehoods, even if by some mysterious impulse they are driven into uninterrupted crimes and blunders of policy. The intelligent part of the community has long since made up its mind to the conclusion that both in Turkish and Afghan affairs there were two sides to the question, or two alternative lines of policy. The most important events which have happened in the last two or three years may be attributed with almost equal plausibility to different or opposite causes. In the early stages of the quarrel between Turkey and Russia English policy was mainly directed by the Duke of ARGYLL's present ally, Lord DERBY. The remaining Ministers are more exclusively responsible for the negotiations with SHER ALI, and for the two Afghan wars which were separated by a short and precarious interval of peace; but some students of the controversy have formed the opinion that the Duke of ARGYLL himself, as Secretary of State for India, unintentionally drove the Afghan Ameer to seek the alliance of Russia. The repeated and positive assertions of one of two litigants that his adversary was wholly in the wrong have little tendency to produce conviction.

As a party assemblage preparatory to a general election the meeting at Leeds was apparently successful. Those who made the arrangements seem to have impaired the effect of the Duke of ARGYLL's speech by providing too large a building, which was consequently filled by an inconveniently numerous audience; but the appearance of two such speakers as Mr. FORSTER and the Duke of ARGYLL gratifies curiosity and perhaps stimulates enthusiasm. Leeds is a great town, and the capital of a populous district. At Manchester a great multitude cheered Lord SALISBURY, and another great multitude applauded Lord HARTINGTON. If any principal Minister were next week to make a speech at Leeds, he would probably be received with enthusiasm by many thousands of local partisans. The Liberals, having already made up their minds to vote for their own candidates, willingly listen to arguments which purport to prove that they are in the right. They have reason to congratulate themselves on the choice of respectable and extremely moderate politicians. Mr. FITZWILLIAM probably represents the opinions of the head of his family, who publicly expressed disapproval of Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct in promoting the Bulgarian agitation. If the Duke of ARGYLL had at that time made a speech in Yorkshire, he would perhaps have directed his eloquence against Lord FITZWILLIAM. Sir JOHN RAMSDEN has from his first entrance into public life been a consistent Whig of the old-fashioned type. If the Yorkshire Liberals are content with two such candidates, their revolutionary zeal cannot at present be considered dangerous. The counties, even when they include a manufacturing constituency, have happily not yet submitted to the importation of the Birmingham machinery of elections. Mr. FITZWILLIAM and Sir JOHN RAMSDEN have probably been selected, like many members of their families or of the class to which they belong, by the natural and customary leaders of the party. There is fortunately still a considerable remnant of the Whig aristocracy which has for generations taken care that its followers should not move too rapidly.

#### STATESMANSHIP AND POLITICS.

THE Scotch Correspondent of the *Times* and Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., are at issue on a somewhat curious point. In giving an account of the various lectures with which Edinburgh has lately endeavoured to instruct and divert itself, the Correspondent took occasion to

comment more particularly upon one delivered by Mr. JENKINS on "Statesmanship" at the Literary Institute of the Northern city. The collocation of author and subject is indeed a little odd, and it might suggest the idea that the managers of the Institute, being wags, had written out on separate slips of paper the names of their lecturers and of the subjects they desired to be treated, and had then adopted some process of lot-drawing in order to assort the one with the other. This, however, was not the grievance of the *Times*' Correspondent. He objected, not that Mr. JENKINS had lectured on statesmanship, but that he had lectured on it in an unbecoming manner. The Literary Institute of Edinburgh is, it appears, a non-political body, and party questions are therefore not supposed to be handled on its platform. But Mr. JENKINS (still according to the Correspondent) had treated the subject of statesmanship after the fashion of a very partisan statesman indeed. It was "criticism by innuendo," and when references were made to MACCHIAVELLI and Prince BISMARCK, it was pretty broadly hinted that these unpopular names were merely intended to indicate Lord BEACONSFIELD. Whereat the Conservative members of the Institute were naturally aggrieved. This attack brought Mr. JENKINS out to meet it, and the way in which he met it was a little singular. He did not, as a more guileful person might have done, protest his innocence and declare that if the cap fitted he could not help it. On the contrary, while deprecating the charge of unfair partisanship, he practically admitted it except with reference to the unfairness. "No one," says Mr. JENKINS, "could suppose that I should lecture on 'statesmanship and ignore politics.' It is clear that by politics here party politics are meant, or else the remark is an *ignoratio elenchi*."

We need not wait for the reprint of the lecture, which Mr. JENKINS promises to an expectant world, in order to judge his estimate of the amount of "politics" which may be and ought to be introduced into a lecture on statesmanship. The report of the performance itself in the *Scotsman* will probably be accepted as likely to be accurate and not likely to be unfriendly. And when we look at that report we certainly are not surprised that the lecturer has not attempted an entire denial of the charge against him. Mr. JENKINS appears to have begun with a declaration worthy of that ingenuous and chivalrous frankness which is one of his most pleasing characteristics. Whether Mr. JENKINS's intended victims be commanders-in-chief or anonymous Edinburgh Conservatives, it is Mr. JENKINS's way to let them know what is coming. Then, if they slight the peril—and it must be admitted that, for some unaccountable reason, they generally do—they have only themselves to blame. On this occasion Mr. JENKINS stated that "he understood he was at liberty to 'express his own views'—a statement which may be taken as equivalent to the vernacular, 'I am going to give you a 'piece of my mind.' As Mr. JENKINS's subject was statesmanship, it might have been thought that these views would have something to do with that subject. It must soon have dawned upon his hearers, however, that they need not look for any pedantic definition of the statesman, or any laborious illustrations of his characteristics drawn from history. The lecture simply stated a great many things which, in the lecturer's opinion, a statesman should not do; and the description of these things was couched, as nearly as possible, in the stock phrases which have been for months, and almost years, past current in the mouths of Opposition speakers when dealing with the acts of the present Ministry. "A statesman in a free State ought to 'be frank in his policy; for, though he might have the 'confidence of the Crown and the confidence of a class,' &c. "If an election was held, the issues of which 'turned on subjects of domestic interest, and afterwards 'serious questions of foreign policy arose, then the 'opinion of Parliament was not to be trusted as fairly 'representative of the opinion of the people.' "He had 'no faith in a statesmanship of concealed policies.' "If there was nothing but a record of blunders and 'failures to show for the brilliant Macchiavellianism 'of a statesman,' and so forth. We need not select any more of the flowers of Mr. JENKINS's oratory, because they are decidedly of the *immortelle* class, and may be had at any Opposition flower-stall on most days in the week. But those we have selected show sufficiently the character of the garland into which they were woven. Of course such a lecture could give no human being any

useful ideas on the subject, interesting and important enough certainly, of statesmanship. The question "Who is the happy statesman?" might bring up a score of answers in this style, each of whom might select his pet aversion, and describe the acts of that personage as the particular acts which the happy statesman would carefully avoid, and nobody would be the wiser for it. But the curious thing is that the performer in such an exhibition should be quite satisfied with the performance, should appear to think that he has added to literature a new *Politician* of at least as much value as the old, and should hold it extremely unreasonable in anybody to find fault with him for mixing up statesmanship and "politics."

If this opinion were only the opinion of Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, it would indeed be of very little importance. But it really would seem nowadays as if a considerable number of presumably sane and intelligent persons made the same confusion, and felt the same indignant wonder when the confusion is protested against. Sir HERBERT CROFT, the biographer of YOUNG, tells us that JOHNSON, in supplying him with various facts and anecdotes for the work, told him a damaging story of TINDAL. "Whenever I called 'on JOHNSON,'" says CROFT, "he never suffered me to 'depart without crying 'Don't forget that rascal TINDAL, 'Sir. Be sure to hang up the atheist.' " A good many people just now seem to be so determined not to forget to hang up the atheist, that any and every occasion seems to them good enough for his suspension. We can hardly imagine anything that would be more beneficial at the present moment than a discourse by some competent hand on statesmanship, in which "politics" in Mr. JENKINS's sense should not be meddled with. For certainly at no time are the principles of statesmanship and the duties of a statesman less likely to be attended to than when all the energies of statesmen themselves are devoted, on the one side to the picking of holes, and on the other to the process of sewing them up again. It is a good many years now since in England the *bonne fine rage* of party differences rose to its full height. Perhaps before long we shall get back to the state of things when Whigs and Tories strained their ears to catch and cheer the phrases in *Cato* which could be twisted into allusions, and when Sir JOHN capped the climax with that rather expensive *bon-mot* to BOOTH. In France this sort of excitement is more or less chronic, as a curious incident showed this very week. On Monday night the *Mariage de Figaro* was revived at the Théâtre Français, after an interval of six years. The words "amnistie générale" occur towards the close of BEAUMARCHAIS's famous play, and there were several Ministers present. This was enough for the audience, and the "amnesty" was approved or disapproved in a sense of which the author certainly never dreamt. This is of course a comparatively harmless side of the practice of seeing all things in politics—that is to say, in party politics. But there are other sides of it which are by no means harmless; and perhaps Mr. JENKINS's Edinburgh performance exhibits not the least mischievous of them, if it exhibits it in something of an absurd light. The plain man, who, having originally no particular knowledge of Eastern or any other politics, has them exhibited to him during a long course of months or years through glasses coloured in this way must be an extraordinarily perspicacious person if at the end he has the least idea of things as they actually are. He probably retains all that he is intended to retain—namely, the impression that, whatever happens, he is not to forget to hang up the atheist. But wherein the atheist's atheism consists, what the proofs of it are, and what the result of it has been, we may be pretty certain that he has not the remotest notion. There was, indeed, one remark in Mr. JENKINS's lecture which we should not feel disinclined to endorse. Towards the end of the harangue the lecturer, in another moment of frankness, observed that "it was easier to lay down what statesmanship ought not to do than to prescribe that which it ought to do." The fact is plain, and the reason of it, according to Mr. JENKINS's conception of the art of statesmanship and of the art of lecturing on it, is plain also. To lay down what statesmanship ought not to do, you have only to make a list of the acts of your political opponents, and the problem is solved out of hand. To prescribe what statesmanship ought to do, you cannot go on an equally safe and easy plan. What your own party has done is probably out of date, and has lost its interest; what they may be going to do lies in the lap of the gods,

or of some other dispensers of future events, and it is dangerous to attempt to anticipate it. A way out of the difficulty could certainly be found by an inquirer who should leave "politics"—that is to say, the politics of the hour and the minute—out of the question; and, when he had found it, it might not improbably help him in no slight degree to deal even with the politics of the minute and the hour. But perhaps after all Mr. JENKINS was guided by a wise discretion in refusing to attempt such a round-about course, for he certainly has not as yet shown any signs of ability to discover it. The persons who invited him to lecture on statesmanship probably got what they wanted.

#### FRANCE.

THE French Conservatives who are also Republicans are constantly reminded by the French Conservatives who are not Republicans of one special weakness of their position. You used, it is said, to be reproached with desiring to make a Republic without Republicans; now you may with equal truth be charged with desiring to make a Conservative party without Conservatives. Your intentions may be excellent, your idea of what you wish to build irreproachable, but the materials with which to work are wanting. Of course when the Royalist Conservatives say this, they do not imply that these materials are not to be found in France. They only mean that they are not to be found in the Republican party. We, they say to the Left Centre, have been beforehand with you. If you could really bring together all the Conservative elements of French society and make them unite for the attainment of the object you have at heart, you might have a chance. But this harmonious co-operation of Conservative forces is just what you cannot command. The really Conservative elements of French society are on our side, and in proportion as they can be induced to act together you will find them assailing the Republic, not succouring it. Undoubtedly this view of the situation has a great deal of truth in it. It is not true, indeed, that all the Conservative elements of French society are arrayed against the Republic, because this estimate leaves out of sight the peasantry, who, though they are in some respects the most Conservative of all, are in no wise hostile to the Republic. But then the peasantry, though a very real, are a very inactive, force. They are admirable as a reserve, but they are of no use for skirmishing. They are prepared to sit in judgment on the efforts of the Left Centre to form a Conservative Republican party, but they are not prepared to help them in forming it. They are in no sense a Parliamentary party. At present they seem to be decidedly Republican, and they will probably go on lending their support to the Republic until they are convinced that they have been mistaken in it, and that it does not give them those securities for Conservative administration which they have believed it to give. When that day comes, their conversion may be exceedingly rapid and exceedingly complete; but, in the meantime, they may be left out of the account. Among the Deputies and Senators, who, after all, are the bricks of which a Parliamentary party must be made if it is to have any Parliamentary weight, the Left Centre, the true Conservative Republicans, are but a small minority. The predominance of numbers must be looked for in other directions—in the solid body of the Left and the Extreme Left; in the smaller, but still appreciable, forces of the Right and the Right Centre. From neither of these can the Left Centre at present hope for any aid. The Left and the Extreme Left are for the present united, and if a division of the Republican party were effected, they would together constitute the Liberal wing of it. It is probable, indeed, that internal differences would soon make their appearance, that the newly-formed party would undergo further division into Liberals and Radicals, and that a union between the former and the Conservative Republicans might thus become possible. But these speculations relate to a future which, comparatively at least, is yet distant. What is of present importance is that the union between the Left and the Extreme Left is still unbroken, and that the formation of a Conservative Republican party would for the moment tend to strengthen rather than weaken it. The Right, of course, is frankly and hopelessly anti-Republican. For how long a time a Royalist party can continue to hold together under a prosperous Republic is still unascertained, but there are



no signs that in France it is likely soon to break up. The Legitimists have survived the Monarchy of July and the Second Empire, though both of these had the attractions of a Court to offer; and, now that they have seen both these adversaries overthrown, and are subjected to no pressing social temptations, there is no reason why they should not retain their ground for another generation. The Right, therefore, may be put out of the calculation. The action of the Conservative Republicans to-day cannot be affected by changes that may not happen till the twentieth century.

The Right Centre, from whom assistance in forming a Conservative Republican party might most naturally have been looked for, to all appearance cast in their lot definitively with the Right. It is from them that the sneering inquiry, Where are the Conservative Republicans? mostly comes, and there can be no doubt that they have made the question an exceedingly difficult one to answer. Even in the present Chambers a combination of the Centres on a frankly Republican basis would have given France a constitutional Opposition—an Opposition, that is, which would have aimed at modifying the administration of the Government, but not at changing its form. The conduct of the Right Centre in making this combination impossible will be differently regarded according to the view which is taken of the permanence of the existing Republic and of the possibilities of a Royalist restoration. In this country public opinion is pretty well made up on both points. Englishmen for the most part think, with M. THIERS, that the Republic will last if its supporters will but show themselves moderate and reasonable. They are further of opinion that, in the event of the Republic being overthrown by reason of the absence of these qualities, an Imperialist restoration would have a much better chance than a Royalist restoration. These conclusions seem to them to follow so naturally from the events of the last nine years that they find it very difficult to put themselves into the position of the Right Centre, or of the Orleanist party generally. The position of the Legitimist is intelligible enough. He has a principle to defend which is too sacred to be affected by any commonplace considerations about good government. A man who regards himself as the subject of the Count of CHAMBORD does not trouble himself about the merits of particular measures. As things stand, he is willing to attack the Republic because he disapproves of its acts; but, if it came more convenient, he would be equally willing to attack the acts because he disapproves of Republics. The position of the Bonapartist is also intelligible. He holds that Republican government is but an imperfect rendering of the democratic idea, that a CÉSAR is essential to the permanent reconciliation of liberty and order, and that eventually France will find this out. But the Orleanist is past human understanding. He is not to be judged by his friends, because he has in turn associated himself with Legitimists and Bonapartists, and then at times has quarrelled with them both. He has no abstract devotion to hereditary royalty, for he is the offspring of a revolution which set the hereditary principle aside. He probably disliked the Second Empire while it existed as heartily as the most convinced Republican. In theory, therefore, there is nothing to separate him from the Conservative Republicans, except a conviction that, when it can be had, a constitutional Monarchy is preferable to a constitutional Republic. But he admits that a constitutional Republic is preferable to a democratic Republic; indeed, he is probably quite willing to concede that the distinction between a constitutional Monarchy and a constitutional Republic is immeasurably less than the distinction between a constitutional and a democratic Republic. What makes his conduct so unintelligible is that he seems ready to run all risks of seeing the Republic lose its constitutional character rather than give it his support, while at the same time he is plainly of opinion that, for the lifetime of the Count of CHAMBORD at all events, the hope of restoring the constitutional Monarchy must be abandoned. The Orleanist has not even the excuse that the Legitimist and the Bonapartist have in the belief that, if French Conservatives do but stand aloof from the Republic, its destruction is assured. The Legitimist has seemingly persuaded himself that a miracle will some day be worked on behalf of the Count of CHAMBORD, and, on the principle that help is nearest when need is greatest, he may believe that every step in the direction of anarchy brings nearer the happy day when France, clothed and in her right mind, shall sit at

the feet of HENRY V. The Bonapartist argues, with every appearance of truth, that, if the Republic becomes exclusively and decidedly Radical, the Empire will certainly be accepted by the great majority of Frenchmen. But the Orleanist has nothing to hope for from a period of confusion. It would be as fatal to his hopes as to the hopes of the constitutional Republicans. According to all calculations of human action, men like the Duke of BROGLIE should now be making common cause with men like M. DUFAURE and M. JULES SIMON. Instead of this, the gulf between the Centres promises to remain as wide as any that divides the extremest sections of the Legislature from one another.

#### THE RESTORATION OF ST. MARK'S.

INTERVENTION in the internal concerns of foreign nations is always a difficult and delicate operation. It is rarely successful even in the realm of politics, and it is as yet untried in those questions of art and taste over which every nation would seem at first sight to possess exclusive jurisdiction. Nor could the idea of such intervention be entertained save in the most exceptional circumstances. No sensible person would desire that the different countries of Europe should begin to deliver tracts to one another with a view to a general improvement of national habits and national tastes. Such an experiment would be in the last degree perilous, and it could scarcely result in the increased self-complacency of even the most gifted and virtuous race. We feel at least certain that our own countrymen would be the first to regard any such interference in the light of an intolerable impertinence. Let us suppose, for example, that the French Ambassador were to present to the First Commissioner of Works a petition, signed by a number of French artists and men of letters, praying for the removal from our public thoroughfares of the monstrosities in bronze and marble that have been erected in honour of our great men. In the presence of such a demand even the most unbiassed Briton would be filled with patriotism, and from that hour the sooty statues of London would become a cherished national possession. This illustration may perhaps be regarded as extreme and extravagant; but it would be easy to conceive a hundred cases in which a plea from a foreign people might be plausibly put forward. The reverence of foreign nations for our Lord Mayor and all that pertains to his office is well known, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the recent removal of Temple Bar may in some quarters have been regarded as a wanton act of vandalism. If, however, the Italian people had raised a cry for the protection of that historic monument, we believe that not only the architect of the New Law Courts, but all sensible persons, would have been disposed to resent the interference.

It is very necessary to keep these considerations in mind, because during the recent agitation with regard to St. Mark's at Venice, it has been too readily assumed that the Italians will be eager to listen to any advice we have to offer. The University of Oxford, following the example of Cambridge, has recently held a meeting to protest against the proposed rebuilding of the great façade of the Venetian Cathedral. The Dean of CHRISTCHURCH occupied the chair, and several speakers of influence and authority addressed the meeting. With the general purpose of these speeches we cordially agree; but we are by no means sure that sufficient care was used to avoid the danger of wounding the sensibilities of the Italian people. When, for example, Dr. ACLAND said that "friendly" advice to friends can never be taken amiss, he surely ventured upon one of the most disputable propositions in the whole range of social ethics. Friendly advice, especially when it is offered with the air of superior knowledge and refinement, is perhaps of all human gifts the most exasperating, and its effect is even more doubtful as between great nations than in the ordinary intercourse of individuals. Moreover, as a matter of fact, we are not as a nation in a position to give ourselves airs upon this subject. We have done much in the way of restoration that must ever be a source of regret to those who are truly interested in the reverent preservation of the remains of ancient architecture; and, although we have lately advanced to a better understanding of what is fitting in this matter, it is surely too soon to attempt to dictate to others in a spirit of self-

righteousness. The late Sir GILBERT SOOTT, who was entitled to speak upon this subject, has clearly pointed out that most of the errors committed by our architects arose out of an excess of zeal for the beauties of a particular style; and it is surely only just that we should credit our neighbours with motives at least as good as our own.

With these reservations, which refer rather to the manner than to the substance of the recent movement, we most heartily concur in the efforts that are being made to save a unique and noble building. The Cathedral of St. Mark's may justly be described as one of the richest monuments of art and history that have survived to us; and in its preservation, not Italy alone, but the whole civilized world, is deeply interested. In the fact that by its possession Italy is favoured beyond other nations we can only recognize a graver responsibility, such as all cultivated Italians would, we are assured, be ready to acknowledge. Italy is in no exaggerated sense a museum for all Europe. To such cities as Florence and Venice the students of every country must flock as to great schools and centres of art culture; and it cannot therefore be a matter of indifference to the thousands who have learned what such fortunate places have to teach whether the treasures they contain are or are not to be preserved as the inheritance of future generations. If her riches were of less account, a country like Italy might perhaps reasonably resent the advice or interference of foreigners; but it is due to her unrivalled position as a treasure-house of beauty that, when the existence of such a building as St. Mark's is in debate, she should frankly admit to her counsels the other nations of Europe. No amount of caution can be deemed too great in dealing with a building which depends even more upon its picturesque beauty and the inexhaustible interest of its details than upon the more abstract qualities of architectural style. If the fabric is in danger, adequate means must of course be taken to ensure its safety; but all the resources that science can command would be well bestowed in order to restore solidity to the structure without needlessly disturbing the surface of the building. There is perhaps no other architectural monument in the world in regard to which this particular consideration acquires greater force and urgency. The ornament of St. Mark's, bearing the record of various styles and stamped with the impress of different nationalities, could by no ingenuity of modern craftsmanship be renewed or revived. Its character and beauty defy any process of imitation, and both must assuredly perish under any such comprehensive scheme of reconstruction as would seem to be contemplated. It is scarcely necessary, therefore, in this particular instance to refer to any of the vexed questions which have lately arisen in regard to architectural restoration. Upon the general principles which should govern the restoring architect we have more than once expressed our opinion, and there is no need again to declare that we have never ranked ourselves with those who would permit a noble building to sink into decay out of an exaggerated sentiment of respect for the picturesque evidences of age. The attempt to reconstruct St. Mark's would inevitably sweep away more solid charms than those which are bestowed by the mellowing hand of time. Unfortunately upon this point there is no room for doubt, and what has already been done in the way of repairs both within and without the building shows only too clearly what would be the effect of anything like a complete renewal of the western façade. The curious and interesting mosaics on the ceiling of the portico could scarcely be saved; for it is notorious that, when submitted to a similar process of restoration, many of the mosaics inside the church have been irreparably injured.

A serious difficulty in the free discussion of this question arises from the feeling of uncertainty as to what is actually proposed by the Italian architects. The scope of the contemplated restoration is not yet clearly ascertained, and it might perhaps be plausibly urged that we should wait for fuller information before proceeding to memorialize the Italian people. The plea would be altogether unanswerable if it were not for the fact that all experience in these matters proves that a decision once taken is not easily changed. When the scheme in all its details shall have been finally determined, it will be practically useless to express our lamentations and regrets, while in the meantime we may perhaps strengthen the hands of those Italians who are themselves most anxious to avert the threatened calamity.

In the introduction to a catalogue which has just been issued Mr. RUSKIN goes so far as to declare that "at this very hour committees of Venetian builders are meeting to plot the total destruction and re-erection, according to their own notions and for their own emolument, of the entire west front of St. Mark's." Mr. RUSKIN has doubtless earned the right to speak warmly of what concerns the fate of Venice, and his English readers, at any rate, will by this time have learned to make allowance for any imprudences of expression. But we must think that such language, coming from a critic of authority, is peculiarly unfortunate at the present moment. If Mr. RUSKIN's object is not merely to indulge his own rhetoric, but to save a building which he reveres, he could scarcely have taken a more unwise course than to impute unworthy motives to those who have the question under their consideration. For it is not to be denied that the subject offers many difficult and perplexing problems. Much of the material employed in the construction of St. Mark's was not originally destined to its present use. The slabs of marble which enrich its surface, and many of the columns, had already done duty in older buildings before they were borne across the sea to Venice, and the signs of disintegration and decay which they now exhibit are such as are scarcely to be encountered elsewhere. The work of repair has therefore to be carried out under difficult and trying conditions. It is true that these slabs of marble, as stated in the memorial now distributed for signature, "have not fallen down"; but there seems to be no doubt in the minds of those who are entitled to speak with authority that some measures of precaution are needed in order that they may not split up and fall from their places. All we ask is that these necessary repairs should be carried out with as much tenderness and regard for the ancient surface as is consistent with safety. What may be the fittest means to be adopted in order to satisfy both these objects is obviously a question that can only be decided by experts, and those who have not the special knowledge that would enable them to pronounce an opinion must be content to limit their appeal to general considerations. They can bring strongly to the notice of the Italian people the deep interest with which all cultivated minds watch the fortunes of a noble building, and they will hope in return that those to whom the delicate task of restoration is entrusted will be duly mindful of their responsibility.

#### RELIGIOUS RIOTS.

AN inquiry into a riot arising out of a religious procession in Ulster is exceedingly confusing to all ideas of chronology. So many similar inquiries have been held that the reader feels as though he had read it all before. Even Irish ingenuity cannot give such incidents much novelty. The main facts are always the same. According as the day to be celebrated is held sacred by Roman Catholics or by Protestants, a Roman Catholic or a Protestant procession starts on its way, with, it may be, a secret hope that its journey may not be interrupted. In one way or another it seldom is interrupted. What amount of violence will be shown either in the attack or in the defence depends upon local or personal circumstances. Sometimes the intervention of the police is not called for, the combatants on each side carry home their broken heads, and nothing more is heard about them. At other times the police interfere to keep order, and are for the most part treated as the common enemy of both parties. In that case they have to defend themselves as they best can, and either the processionists, or the assailants, or both, are defeated with more or less of injury. When this injury extends to life as well as to limb it usually becomes the subject of an inquiry such as that which has lately been held at Lurgan. The Report of the Commissioners to the LORD-LIEUTENANT discloses no unusual facts, and describes those which it deals with in a sufficiently characteristic spirit. It appears that the town is divided into two districts, and that these districts coincide with the religious persuasions of the population. The Commissioners think this circumstance much to be regretted, and if it could ever be worth while to regret the inevitable, we should certainly agree with them. But it appears from the Commissioners' own Report that this division is absolutely inevitable. The inhabitants, they say, of these districts "appear to regard with disfavour the coming of a person of a different religious persuasion to live among them." If the evidences given of this



disfavour can be at all judged by the action of the rioters, it may readily be understood that the coincidence between the theological and the geographical lines of demarcation is not likely to come to an end. An inhabitant of Lurgan who intruded himself into a quarter where he was not wanted would certainly have a bad time of it. If he lived long enough, he might perhaps get over the objection felt to his religion; but then it is exceedingly unlikely that he would be allowed to live long enough. Except at certain times, however, the inhabitants of the two districts are willing to leave each other alone—a state of things which the Commissioners, thankful for small mercies, describe as living harmoniously together. But on four days in the year Roman Catholics and Protestants really find themselves together, and then harmonious living seems to be the last thing that either of them think about. On the 17th of July, the 1st and 12th of July, and the 15th of August, processions are organized either by Roman Catholics or by Protestants or by both. On the 15th of August last this custom was duly observed, and its observance duly ended in a riot. The Commissioners say, however, that the main body of the procession had nothing to do with the riot, but that it was entirely the work of certain persons at its extreme end. Unfortunately a flag had been entrusted to a man whose qualifications for the post of standard-bearer were obscured by his being drunk. In this condition he allowed himself to wave his flag defiantly at some mill-workers belonging to the opposite party, who were coming out for their dinner just as the tail of the procession passed the factory. Stones were promptly thrown, some prisoners taken by the police were rescued, and the riot went on until the police were ordered to fire, and did so with fatal consequences. It was the deaths thus caused that led to the inquiry being instituted.

The recommendations of the Commissioners do not come to much. Indeed it was hardly possible that they should come to much. How to deal with party processions is a part of general Irish policy. It is a matter for the Government to determine, not for a body of Commissioners. They suggest that the police force of the town should be increased by ten men—an addition which seems scarcely sufficient to inspire any serious terror—and that more Roman Catholics should be put on the commission of the peace. Considering that there is at present only one Roman Catholic justice in the Lurgan district, it is clear that the composition of the Bench, however excellent it may be in itself, is not calculated to give the Roman Catholic population much confidence in the justice of the magistrates. Although, however, it is certainly desirable that this state of things should be altered, the change would not do much towards the suppression of riots. It may be a consolation to a prisoner unjustly accused of rioting to know that he will be fairly tried; but we fail to see why a man should be deterred from taking part in a riot by the knowledge that, if he does so and is arrested, he will be tried by a judge of his own persuasion. Local opinion is said to be in favour of a total suppression of the processions which lead to riots; but the Commissioners justly observe that this could only be achieved by the re-enactment of the Party Processions Act—"a species of legislation which seems to have been deliberately condemned by Parliament after several years' experience of its operation." Whether Parliament was right in passing this condemnation on the Act prohibiting processions we will not undertake to say. Undoubtedly there are great objections to such legislation. So long as each side is content to have its own procession without interfering with any processions of the opposite party, it has, in the absence of strong reason to the contrary, a right to be protected in the reasonable exercise of its liberties. Whether under all circumstances the right of walking in procession on four days in the year is a reasonable exercise of liberty is a matter for the decision of the Government. Thus much, however, may be said without any qualification. If the Government do not intend to ask Parliament to re-enact the law forbidding party processions, they ought to take more active steps to secure to the processionists of whichever creed an adequate protection against violence. It is perfectly well known that, unless this protection is given, violence will be used, and this knowledge leaves the authorities without excuse if the protection is withheld, and violence thereupon takes place. Nor can there, we think, be much question as to the form which this protection should assume. The Commissioners recommend

an increase of the police force. To this plan, however, there are three objections. One is that it saddles the district all the year round with an expense which in fact need only be incurred four times a year. In order to reduce this perpetual expense to manageable dimensions, the Commissioners are obliged to make the addition absurdly small. A serious riot is not likely to be put down by the appearance of ten more constables in the streets. The second objection is that the employment of the police in the ultimate suppression of riots—in their suppression, that is, after they have reached the stage of persistent defiance of the law—is apt to interfere with their usefulness in other ways. They tend to be regarded as the natural enemy of the people; and that is a character which is very likely to stand in their way when they are discharging their ordinary function of detecting and apprehending criminals. The third objection is that the suppression of overt violence is, on the whole, best left to the military. There is no mistaking what is meant when the redcoats are seen in the streets. Probably in the case of the Lurgan riots there was room for mistake as to what was meant. The unarmed policemen who, it is said, endeavoured to make some arrests differed in no way from the armed policemen who a short time afterwards supported their comrades by a volley of musketry. What is wanted when party passions are excited to an extraordinary degree is some conspicuous mark that the fray is about to pass into a new and more serious stage. The need of such mark is recognized in the customary reading of the Riot Act. But a proclamation is of little avail when it is given to an accompaniment of shouts and stones. The dividing line between ordinary and extraordinary methods of asserting the supremacy of the law is crossed without the fact being known to many in the crowd. If at the moment when the Riot Act is read the business of vindicating the law is made over to another force, and that force one known never to be called in except for one purpose, the mob is far more likely to take to its heels—which, after all, is the real object of employing either police or soldiers.

#### LIKENESS.

**L**IKENESS—the resemblance of one person to another—is with most people an interesting subject of observation. There is a manifest sense of self-complicity, even where no personal interest is involved, in the mere act of detecting a likeness. It is quite clear that the person who sees these resemblances piques himself on the discovery the more he stands alone in it, while the pertinacity with which he holds to his opinion, and the irritation he frequently causes in those who differ from him, leading sometimes to downright assertion and denial on a point that never can be settled, shows how near the subject lies to being a personal question. With some persons this trick of seeing likenesses is not grounded on any truer perception than that which makes some people see faces in smouldering cinders and ashes. It may, however, be a testimony to unconscious insight into character; similar inner qualities in the persons compared manifesting themselves, to a discernment keen enough to detect them, by kindred outward expression. The likeness, however, that really strikes is not found out either by habit or insight; it is *seen*. It is of the nature of a coincidence, and gives the same kind of delight. We are taken by something unexpected. We are used to think of men and women merely as being themselves; when we find them repeated in others, we are entertained as by a piece of legerdemain. This is so in cases where we are mere observers, where nothing is touched but our curiosity and love of the strange or surprising. The power over us which lies hid in the strong resemblance of one human being to another is of a much more emphatic character when it awakens the past in us, as in the likeness of people to parents long since dead, or indeed in the case of any inherited family likeness—when it is a revival of memories bringing old times back with a start. For the majority of men lose their hold of form and feature as time interposes its mists between past and present; they can describe, indeed, but they cannot see. The likeness need be no exact repetition of face and air to raise, as it were, an apparition before our eyes. It is a sort of resuscitation to come suddenly upon a daughter who inherits the glance and features of her mother; or it may be an indefinable something which is neither one nor the other, and which yet brings back both. Something is unexpectedly found to be the same; something rehabilitates the past and sets it on its legs again. The mere sight of the person is a jump into that past. This past, indeed, always remains in our minds, but we do not know in how indistinct lines till it assumes this sudden embodiment. For a few brief moments the leading facts of a remote consciousness take consistency, imparting a fuller grasp of life as a whole, and not a mere succession of changing views. It is true that something that is gone in the observer, a sense of loss somewhere, pro-

evokes him to injurious comparisons; hence it is that the daughters who thus awaken memory have so often to endure the reproach, implied, if not spoken, that they are not equal to their mothers before them.

The difference between family and what may be called accidental likenesses lies in the fact that the chance resemblance depends on uniformity in leading characteristics; the likeness that startles and carries the feelings with it may be independent of all this. The likeness that touches the chords of memory plays and flits, comes and goes, flashes, and then disappears. The effect comes at intervals, and wears out with time; for of course people are themselves in a sense which refuses to rank them as doubles. No likeness stands the test of intimacy, and persons whom strangers confuse with one another present to their intimates no points of agreement except on testing occasions. Crabbe has prettily detailed the effect of a common excitement upon brothers not ordinarily alike:—

But tried by strong emotion they became  
Filled with one love and were in heart the same.  
Joy to the face its own expression sent,  
And gave a likeness in the looks it lent.

Family likeness is never merely external; it starts from within; from one and the same feeling acting upon minds and tempers similarly constituted or subjected to the same earliest training. Of the effect of certain subtle family resemblances upon casual observers we find a singular instance in the notice of Richard Chandler, the author of *Travels in Asia Minor*, who had a brother Daniel, also an Oxford worthy. "If," says the writer, "what was a fact remarkable may here be noted, these brothers were personally as unlike as can well be imagined; the elder square and rather above the middle stature, the younger round and considerably below the standard; yet, as characteristic family features are seldom entirely wanting, we have it on undoubted authority that they were often mistaken the one for the other." Thus it is that likeness of the true sort carries it over difference, where intimacy is wanting to establish the distinct individuality between the most apparently identical. Every one knows instances of likeness so perfect that Shakspeare's simile exactly hits the case:—

An apple cleft in twain is not more twin  
Than these two creatures.

Indeed the cleft apple was presented on the stage on the occasion, recorded by Sir Walter Scott, of the exquisite performance at Edinburgh of Viola and Sebastian by Mrs. Henry Siddons and her brother Mr. Murray, who showed to an admiring concourse "one face, one voice, one habit, and two persons." But the mental process which sometimes brings two faces into near resemblance generally in twins effects a gradual separation. In most cases the likeness of twins fades as differences of character develop themselves, and it is never after infancy close enough to deceive intimates. It is the difference of character and powers rather than of aims which effects the change. Differences of aim do not necessarily interfere, not at least till time has worked. While the members of a family pursue objects which exercise the same qualities of mind, with the same eagerness and after the same methods, their countenances will retain the same cast. Those objects may be altogether different. Dogged determination or enthusiasm may employ itself in one member on great matters, in another on the pursuit of pleasure and amusement; and yet the pair may be, as we have seen it expressed, as like as two peas all the time—till age, that is, distinguishes, ennobles one face and sets trivial lines on the other. In fact, all great men and great careers are subject to this travesty of themselves through the freaks of consanguinity. It is said that great men are fortunate who are childless, so little does experience promise a continuance in another generation of the qualities that have distinguished them; while something in themselves also descends that tells injuriously on their fame, exposing some weakness or casting suspicion on the true nature of some leading point of eminence. The same good fortune may perhaps attend those remarkable men who stand alone, who have no collateral belongings. If Dr. Johnson had had a near relative sufficiently prominent in the world to be seen side by side with him, who had his figure, his roll, and his eccentricities of manner, but of course without his genius, it would have detracted from his reputation. It is true that he had had an uncle hanged—if we are to believe the passage between him and his future wife related by him to his mother; but the lady's reply, that "if he had had an uncle hanged, she had fifty relations that deserved hanging," still puts him at an advantage. Undoubtedly the great man's share of the discredit was best for his fame. Among living relatives there would certainly have been some to detract from the completeness of his reputation, which now owes not a little to the distinctness of his individuality. He stands alone in his oddities and uncouthness, as in everything else. Himself alone is answerable for them; they are neither derived nor shared, as far as we see. They are not vulgarized by being the common property of a tribe of obscure relatives.

But to turn from great men to common life. It is an advantage to most people not to be thus solitary, to have something of a counterpart; it is one of the benefits of kinship. As time goes on it often seems to soften differences of fate and circumstance. Members of the same family whose destiny drives them apart show towards the close of life, whatever their differences, mysterious, indefinable points of resemblance. They are more like each other than either is like any one else. And the likeness develops with age, quite independently of intercourse. Brothers who have lived their lives apart sometimes startle us with unexpected resem-

blances. The same small habits and tricks of manner, the same looks and turns of expression under similar circumstances, show an inner agreement that outlives all change and may be traced to deep-seated affinities, to the same shyness or confidence, the same estimate of the relation of self to society. For we take it that all habits of personal bearing have their root in the social instincts of the man, which, more than intellect, opinion, or motives, regulate action and movement.

In detecting these points of likeness the observer exercises, or believes himself to exercise, his penetration. There is a habit of mistaking one person for another which is due to the absence or careless disuse of this faculty. Some persons regard insignificant members of society, persons who in no way interest them, with as little scrutiny or discernment as they would regard a flock of sheep. Any one who has been guilty of the disrespect to a fellow-creature shown in persistently confusing him with some one else will find, if he questions himself, that it has been an act of contempt. The proof of this lies in the strong inclination he feels to tell the person so deprived of his identity of his habitual state of mind towards him, that he has just mistaken So-and-so for him, that the confusion in his mind is habitual, and so on. When once a person interests us he is himself and no one else; but members of the same family, with nothing but a certain something in common, may for years be a perplexity—so long indeed as all are equally outside of our sympathies. No doubt there is a likeness contracted by similar habits of life which excuses this confusion in the observer; there is, for example, a likeness to one another in nuns and Sisters of Charity from their adapting themselves to the same ideal. The countenance composes itself into a common mould, the features settle themselves into it. Probably individuality returns at periods of ease and freedom, and the charge of stereotyped resemblance would be resented, or at least felt to be incomprehensible, by the ladies themselves.

All persons probably are aware of the peculiar effect of photography in revealing to its subjects strong, undreamed-of likeness in themselves to relatives who are as little in their thoughts as in their daily life. The discovery perhaps brings little satisfaction with it, for that least flattering of all the arts is careless towards all pretension, and is the sworn enemy of self-assertion; and if it does force a perception of such likeness, ten to one it fixes it to be with some member of the family who is the least gifted by nature and fortune. The duty of politeness lies in the reverse of this habit. It is permissible always to see, indeed to proclaim, a likeness that tells to the advantage of a man's social standing. One may safely tell a commoner's daughter that she is like a countess, though every personal advantage of mere youth and beauty is in her favour. It may be said to require some cultivation, not only of eye, but of mind, to know what is meant by likeness; nothing is more futile and blundering than untrained observation rendered obstinate by contradiction. Experience tells us that men may be mistaken for one another who have literally no point in common.

#### LITERARY BUTTONHOLDING.

THERE are plenty of amiable people in the world who cannot pass the most casual acquaintance with a bow, but must stop him and tell him about their concerns and those of the world. Their talk is obviously only a spoken continuation of their thoughts. They prose away about whatever has been running in their heads—about their wives, their children, their brothers-in-law, their investments, the most recent movements of the British fleet, the Pluvial period in geology, or their arrangements for next summer. All this seems slightly impertinent in the streets, where the buttonheld victim is in a hurry, and has a mind full of other things. Every one has not the presence of mind of Charles Lamb, who, being buttonheld by Coleridge in a country lane, cut off the button and made his escape. When Lamb returned by the same path in the evening, he found Coleridge still sawing the air, and contentedly declaiming with the button between his fingers.

The habit of buttonholding is a very ancient one, and the common prosing bore was described by Theophrastus—not Such, but the much more terse and lively classical writer. Bad as the custom is in common life, it is even worse in literature, where it has long been rampant. Instead of writing about his subject, a reviewer, an essayist, or even a poet, sometimes finds it easier and more pleasant to chatter about himself, his likes and dislikes, his relations, his tailor's bill, nay, the place and circumstances in which he happens to find himself when he takes up his pen. It is uncommonly easy to scribble about such matters, and generally to take the public into confidence about the first nonsense that comes into one's head. Suppose that the literary buttonholder is reviewing a novel, by Mr. Trollope say, there is no reason why he should elaborate, with pains and thought, a criticism of the romance. It is much easier to write like this:—"As we were leaving our rose-hung cottage in a nook of sunny sea-girt Rutlandshire (Reader, you will look in vain for this paradise of cheapness, landscape, and good plain cookery on the county map, or among the advertisements in *Bradshaw*), we descried the rural postman plodding up the lane. Now this is no common postman, this postman of ours being, indeed, a post-woman, or a post-girl, who often takes the place of her father, a worthy man, but not the pedestrian he once was. Susan, with a rural curtsy, presented us with a brown paper parcel, in which a practised eye could



readily detect the presence of a novel—Mr. Trollope's last. The buttonholding reviewer will then give some account of his personal acquaintance with his author, and he will get a paragraph or two out of the shady nook in which he was reading the last masterpiece when sweet sleep surprised him. After all this the critique is as good as finished, at no great expense of wit or thought or judgment.

Probably the most awful buttonholder who ever wrote was A. K. H. B. in his palmy days. He used to write essays in such remarkable places—in his stable, for example, using the nose of a favourite mare for a desk—that the description of the steed and the stable entirely swamped the rest of the performance. There can be no doubt that garrulity is not unpopular for its own sake, and that many of the public prefer a picture of A. K. H. B. in a hayrack, or of the *Spectator* napping on the sands, to the most elaborate and ingenious criticism. Thus it is scarcely fair, perhaps, to blame these artists for drawing portraits of themselves; at the most, we can only say that bald disjointed chat fits badly into an essay which pretends to deal with Hindoo Pantheism or with Grimm's Law. When a reader is in earnest about a subject, then he gets fierce with the buttonholding reviewer. As to the feelings of the author reviewed, they may be easily imagined. Perhaps he has composed an historical tragedy. He takes up a review, he sees the name of his own poem at the head of six columns of closely-printed matter. This *must* be favourable, thinks the victim; no one would damn my poem in six columns. So he begins, and reads, and reads, while the clutch of the buttonholding critic grows closer and closer upon him. The critic takes him into his confidence about modern and Byzantine art, about what Mr. Ruskin says and Mr. Arnold thinks, and about the transitional character of the nineteenth century. Then he maunders away to the influence of depressed trade upon literature, and of sun-spots upon depressed trade. This brings him to the cyclic year of Plato, which in turn suggests some appropriate remarks on Indian theosophy, *Sacamis* and *Zogis*, and the rest, while the performance closes with the observation that it is difficult to write historical dramas in a period of School Boards and elementary education. This is the most common and perhaps the most annoying form of literary buttonholding.

A writer may seem to take the public into his confidence, and even to paw and fondle his unhappy readers, through the use of some tedious tricks of style. There are authors who not only twaddle insufferably about themselves, but who twaddle incontinently about their readers. They are always saying "you"—"you do that," or "you do this"—and implying a knowledge of "you" which human nature vigorously resents. This kind of writer particularly rejoices in saying, "You see," when very likely you don't see at all, and in talking about "your" this and that, "your coxcomb," "your commercial traveller"—a wearisome affectation. He will also turn round on his public and say, "You, too, reader, have known what it is to love in the morning of life"; or he will so far condescend as to ask you about the skeleton in your private cupboard. This familiarity has an air of the pulpit which does not make it more agreeable. There is a great deal too much affectionateness in it, too much interest in the reader's private concerns. A distinguished lawyer and moralist has repelled with some disgust the promiscuous affection of the Positivists and their literary grandmother, Jean-Jacques Rousseau. "I do not want any of your 'love'; take your enthusiasm for humanity to human beings who like it better than I do," he said, in effect. The affection of the familiar writer is not less disagreeable. It is generally the result of a pretty wide and exhaustive ignorance of human nature, and of a false following of Thackeray. The most sincere admirers of that great writer must admit that in this matter he was an *exemplar vitii imitabile*, that he did buttonhold the public with tenacity and perseverance. But then he had matter worth saying, quaint and deep thoughts that could best be expressed, perhaps, in this familiar manner. No one who delights in style, in humour, in observation, tires of his talk, or wearies of following the maze of the *Roundabout Papers*. It does not follow that the preaching and the familiar method is a good method. Bossuet is at liberty to preach; but we do not welcome a lecture from the casual curate. Smith is a good companion and a pleasant talker; but his existence does not palliate the prosing of Brown, who not only has nothing to say, but says that nothing in the dreariest fashion. We like to be buttonheld by Socrates or Montaigne, and it is interesting to know what wines the latter liked, and how deep the former could drink. But it does not follow that the first essayist or reviewer has a right to tease the public with his ideas about matters which intimately concern himself and no one else in the world.

The use of the garrulous method in literature answers to conversation in the world. There are ladies who can talk only of coaks, bonnets, and babies; and there are men whose conversation is limited to discourse on coats, boots, women, horses, and cigars. There is a style in literature that corresponds to this disjointed talk; and it is doubtless the only literature that the disjointed talkers can read. There is also a style, that of Montaigne and Thackeray and of Pascal and Sir Thomas Browne, at certain moments, which may be called conversational. These great men appeal directly to their reader, whom they thoroughly understand; they admit him, as it were, to the honour of their society. He sits at feast with Plato in the Dialogues, or rests invisible in the palestra. He stands unseen by Pascal's side while the disiectician banters the good

Jesuit father. He has a chair opposite that of Montaigne in the panelled study, lettered with sceptic and epicurean mottoes. He clinks a soundless glass with Rabelais at the sign of the "Pomme de pin." These men of genius can stoop to be familiar; and among poets of our own time Mr. Browning shares this gift of kindly hospitality, and admits the reader to watch the flashes and windings of his inner thought. But what is wise and gentle in the great, this openness of theirs (which makes all lovers of letters contemporaries in a sense, and shuts no one out from the symposium of time), becomes unmannerly impertinence in the small contemporary chatterer. "Get up, you calf," a reader feels inclined to cry to the sprawling indolent reviewer; "get up, and leave off addressing your familiarities to me, and boring me with your adventures and reminiscences, and your display of learning. Say what you have to say about the matter in hand, and be short with it." Thus is the familiar essayist too often mentally addressed when he thinks he is making himself extremely agreeable. He cannot hear what the inner spirit of his reader says, and is likely to go on in the familiar style "because," as Captain Shandon said, "it is such easy writing."

#### RELIGIOUS PARTIES IN GERMANY AND FRANCE.

IT is always difficult for an outsider to appreciate the true relations of parties and the movements of religious thought in a country or communion to which he does not belong. There is often a conflict of testimony as to matters of fact even among those on the spot who ought to be well informed, and men are always disposed, as Cardinal Newman has somewhere observed, however unconsciously, to attach a disproportionate importance to the action of the school with which they are themselves in harmony. Blanco White probably made too much of the secret infidelity of the Spanish clergy of his own day, and a modern convert is apt to exaggerate the power and progress of Ultramontanism. We had occasion not long since to call the attention of our readers to the account given by a very competent hand of the state of religious feeling in Germany, and such evidence as has come to light from other quarters serves to confirm the substantial accuracy of Professor von Schulte's statement. He cannot certainly be accused of any tendency to overrate the influence of the party which he has himself done so much to organize. He declares the Old Catholic body in Germany to number about 60,000 members, and not to be making at present any perceptible advance. And this, as we happen to know, is the estimate of others also, not less friendly to the cause, nor less likely to be familiar with the details than himself. According to the last issue of the *Old Catholic Gazette* of Bonn, three priests have resigned their office, a fourth has been pensioned off, and leave of absence for a year granted to a fifth. On the other hand three Roman Catholic priests have been admitted to minister, one of whom comes from Bohemia, three other applicants being rejected, presumably on moral grounds. It is alleged that one thing which has helped to arrest the movement in Germany, though it might perhaps at first sight have been expected to produce a contrary effect, is a reform which Professor Schulte himself was mainly instrumental in bringing about, the abolition of clerical celibacy. The change is said to be regarded with disfavour among the lay members of the new communion, and especially by women, and it has certainly cost them the services of some of their best men, such as Dr. Reusch, late Vicar-General to Bishop Reinkens, who have retired from active work in consequence. The expediency of the proceeding may well be left to the judgment of those immediately concerned, but it is easy to understand that the somewhat sudden introduction of so serious an innovation on what has been for centuries the recognized discipline of Latin Christendom would cause a greater shock to many minds than doctrinal changes of far higher abstract importance. And it is brought home to the laity generally, and especially to women, through its connexion with the confessional.

But there is another and more far-reaching cause at work which retards the progress of the Old Catholic as of every other religious movement in Germany, and that is the spread of religious indifference, which is making rapid strides among Catholics and Protestants alike. The growing tension of feeling on the Protestant side may be illustrated from the recent decision of the General Synod now sitting in Berlin that henceforth charges of heresy against a minister of the Evangelical Church are to be tested not only by his utterances in the pulpit, but by whatever he may have said or written on the subject elsewhere also. There does not seem anything very unreasonable in such a regulation, for the man who is bound by subscription to a given formula cannot fairly claim the right to contradict it on the platform any more than in the pulpit; but the fact of its being newly introduced shows a growing alarm at the spread of heterodox opinions even in the ranks of the clergy. This advance of scepticism among German Protestants is attributed mainly to the difficulties suggested or enforced in the multitudinous scientific publications constantly issuing from the press as to the accuracy of the Scripture narrative. It will be remembered that the supremacy of the Bible was the great watchword of the German Reformation, and this is now being threatened from an opposite quarter to that which Luther had in view. Among Roman Catholics on the other hand the great solvent of belief is found in those historical studies which are a speciality of Germany. An historical Church cannot afford to dispense with all appeals to

history, and history does not readily lend itself to the support of the Vatican dogmas. To take but one point, which has by no means escaped the attention of German critics, we perceive from a recent number of the *Tablet* that the case of Pope Honorius is still exercising Ultramontane controversialists in this country. In some articles just republished from the *Dublin Review* Dr. Ward argues that if, as his opponents assert, there were no *ex cathedra* judgments in the seventh century, Honorius cannot have forfeited his claim to infallibility by pronouncing a wrong one. It does not seem to occur to him that the answer is more damaging than the objection; for if no *ex cathedra* decisions were pronounced for the first seven centuries or more, the Popes of that period cannot have been conscious of any right to pronounce them. What is really shown in the very able pamphlet of Mr. Renouf, to which we believe these articles were intended as a reply, is that the letters of Pope Honorius, condemned as heretical by three Ecumenical Councils, come as near to a formal and *ex cathedra* decision as any Papal pronouncement that can be found in the early ages. If this verdict is not to be so regarded, neither can such a character be attributed to any other Papal definition of the period, and if it is not heterodox the Councils must be heterodox which condemned it. However we are not going into the controversy here, and have only referred to it in illustration of the historical difficulties which are said to be causing such havoc among German Catholics at present. The late Bishop Haneberg was by far the most distinguished of those German scholars who, after long opposition, conformed tardily and reluctantly to the Vatican decrees, and he defended his submission on the ground that new doctrines might sometimes become necessary for the Church; he had apparently overlooked the circumstance that Papal infallibility is expressly declared in the letter of the decree itself to be not a new doctrine but an old one.

In France Ultramontanism is more fervent, and less troubled probably by critical difficulties, than in Germany. On the other hand any religious movement owning a German origin is for obvious reasons heavily weighted there in its appeal to national sympathies. This obstacle alone must inevitably hamper M. Loyson in his attempt to organize an Old Catholic movement in France, and if it be true that the abolition of clerical celibacy has impeded its advance in Germany, his own marriage might be expected, under all the circumstances, to prove a still more serious drawback. It will indeed be a remarkable and gratifying testimony at once to his own powers and to the growing popularity of the cause he has taken up, if he should attain any permanent success against such odds. That there are grave elements of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things at work among both the laity and clergy of the French Church cannot be doubted, though it is not easy to get any precise and trustworthy information about details. A pamphlet appeared not long ago from the pen, if we recollect aright, of a canon, certainly of a priest, commenting severely on the despotic rule of the bishops, who are sure to be supported by Rome, unless the recalcitrant cleric happens to be an Ultramontane and his diocesan a Gallican. The *Bern Katholik* gives an account of a priest who left France some years ago to join the Swiss Old Catholics and has recently been revisiting his own country, where he was surprised to find so great a change of feeling. He was received with open arms in the congregation to whom he had formerly ministered, and they assured him that within a year the movement of religious reform would be in full vigour throughout France. A New York paper goes further when it states, we know not on what authority, that "the Gallican Church is now fairly established," and that a great many priests have offered their services to M. Loyson, who is only prevented by want of means from accepting them. It would be satisfactory to have some more direct evidence on these points than appears to be forthcoming at present, but the "timidity" of the liberal clergy in France is the explanation alleged for their hesitating to expose themselves to the anger of their superiors. Nor can it be said that they have had much encouragement to brave the consequences of open resistance. The French Government for a long time past has either acted in close alliance with the Roman Curia or in a spirit so hostile to religion, or at least to Catholicism, as to produce much the same result by throwing the clergy into the arms of Rome. The policy of Louis Philippe in one way and of Louis Napoleon in another contributed to a common end. And the attitude of the present Republican Government towards the Church can only tend to strengthen and consolidate the forces of Ultramontanism. The Ultramontane reaction in France is the backwater of the French Revolution, which played into the hands of the Papacy by destroying the old Gallican Church. Napoleon completed the process by deliberately concentrating all ecclesiastical power in the hands of the Pope, under the strange delusion that the Pope could be reduced to the position of his own head chaplain. To the first part of his scheme Pius VII. had naturally no objection, and his successors have not been slow to profit by an ecclesiastical revolution of which they were intended to be not the masters but the chief victims. The French hierarchy has become a rigidly centralized police force under the supreme control of Rome. It follows of course that any tendency to insubordination on the part of the inferior clergy is closely watched and promptly suppressed; and their extreme poverty, as a general rule, and low social status leave them more completely at the mercy of their lords and patrons. These considerations will go far to account for the cut-and-dried uniformity of sentiment which is commonly, and not incorrectly, imputed to them, whether for praise or blame. A

French priest who is not prepared to throw up his position can hardly venture to call his soul his own. It would not therefore be safe to assume that there is no growing tendency among them in a Liberal or what would elsewhere be called an Old Catholic direction, because as yet no great signs of it are apparent on the surface. But neither can we predict with any confidence the advance of such a movement, which may be imminent, as is hoped or alleged in many quarters, but has as yet scarcely made a visible beginning.

#### THE TIMES BRUSHING AWAY A TEAR.

THE signs of emotion even in the most obscure of human beings are sufficiently touching. The most heartless observer cannot encounter without sympathy the sight of a strong man battling with his tears, and striving unsuccessfully to repress the outward evidence of deep suffering or sudden and overpowering joy. Keen students of human nature, like Mr. Pecksniff, have ever been aware of this fact, and have appreciated its value. They have known when to conceal and when to display their weakness, and, by their skilful and measured expression of pain or pleasure, have gained supremacy over the hearts of others. But, when a nation or a newspaper weeps, concealment is impossible. A great organ of public opinion, like the *Times* or the *Telegraph*, can have no secret joy or private sorrow. Its happiness gladdens a whole world of eager readers, and in its sadness civilization itself is momentarily depressed. It is doubtless for this reason that newspapers are, for the most part, so restrained in their utterances. They cannot endure the thought that the passing cloud upon their august brows should chase the smiles away from half a hemisphere; and, although there would be a better excuse for summoning the world to share in their joys, it is not every one who can bear to witness even the pleasurable excitement of a great and stately nature. The *Daily Telegraph* has perhaps more often than other newspapers chosen to break through this studied reticence of bearing; but then the *Telegraph* is endowed with a poetical nature, to which much is forgiven. It is only on rare occasions that we are able to observe with a like intimacy the more tender feelings of the *Times*. Now and again, for a brief space, the great journal casts aside the mask of cold indifference, and reveals a glowing human heart; and it behoves all those who are interested in the study of character to make the most of the proffered opportunity, and to try to learn something of the world's greatest newspaper, if not of its greatest men.

There was a leading article in the *Times* of last Wednesday which affords delightful evidence of the wealth of domestic sympathy which supports the great journal in the performance of its graver duties. Nothing is more affecting than to learn of an eminent statesman that he loved to pass an hour in his children's nursery and to listen to their idle prattle. In the same way the spectacle of the *Times* brushing away a tear over the thoughts that are suggested by a Royal marriage must come home to the hearts of all good men. The Archduchess Christina has left Vienna for her newly-adopted home in Spain, and the loving thoughts of the *Times* follow the fortunate lady on her journey. The marriage, as we are given to understand, has its political as well as its tearful and purely feminine interest. The festivities in the "old Austrian palace" have softened political differences. Under their influence "international complications and suspicions have been hushed for a while," and it may be questioned, we think, whether a young princess could have performed a more difficult task than that of "hushing" a complication, whether international or other. But it would seem that the Archduchess has even a higher destiny. She is to enter her Spanish home on "a mission of national unity and goodwill;" and to prove how simple this mission will be, the *Times* points out that, in her journey from Vienna to Madrid, the Archduchess will pass only through friendly lands. Austria herself has nothing to gain or lose by Spain, "except in the fair pledge of amity it commits to Spanish loyalty." Germany and France are equally unprejudiced and friendly, although for the moment they have neither of them any "fair pledges" of amity to offer; and the writer's only regret is that England could not have been taken *en route*, for then another friendly country would have been added to swell the list. "England," as we learn, "would have taken pleasure in the fact that King Alfonso's bride had stepped, as it were, from British soil on to her kingdom." But, if the Archduchess could have got as far as England, we see no reason why she should not equally have broken the journey by stopping at Norway and Sweden, or why she should not finally have stepped on to her kingdom from the hospitable shores of Denmark. But these are what Mr. Cook, the great excursionist, would describe as "alternative routes," which might be multiplied almost without end; and King Alfonso's bride, as we presently learn, has important duties awaiting her which forbid any useless loitering on the journey. For, as the *Times* truly reminds us, "Queens have no magic power now, if ever, at the wave of which riches and concord descend in a shower upon a realm." The young Queen must, therefore, not hope to "radiate energy upon Spanish peasants and Madrid idlers," but must perforce be content, by a "generous influence at Court," to "give the sign for the awakening of the better impulses" of the Spanish people. In order, however, to accomplish even this modest labour, she must learn to understand the divisions of Spain, not of course as the



*Times* understands them, but in such modest measure as may fall within the powers of an inexperienced young creature. She must realize once for all that "Madrid, far from summing up Spain, is scarcely even Spanish"; and she must further accustom herself to the fact that "Barcelona has nothing to do with Burgos," except, indeed, that both begin with a *B*, and that neither of these places "has any identity with Seville or Cordova." The *Times*, when once fairly launched upon this theme, proceeds to marshal geographical names with the picturesque power of Milton. Queen Christina, we are assured, "will feel as if she had to be at once Aragonese, Catalan, Biscayan, and Andalusian"; but, in order that she may not be daunted by the prospect of such an arduous undertaking, the *Times* hastens to announce that, "by some strange human chemistry, all these populations unite to form one nationality." This conviction is evidently a source of consolation to the *Times*. The knowledge that, after all is said, Spain is still Spanish, justifies the writer in taking a cheerful view of the young Queen's future. In it he finds "the clue to the solution of an apparently insuperable difficulty in the way of an Austrian Archduchess making a perfect Spanish Queen"; and from this point the hymeneal chant touches a more joyous and triumphant note, and rises into richer melody. We trust the Archduchess may not be confused or embarrassed by these apparently inconsistent utterances. If she gets no further than the first formidable list of geographical names, she will possibly be disposed to quit Madrid in despair, for life is evidently too short to acquire an intimate knowledge of so many separate types of national character. But when this "perfect Spanish Queen" hears the joyful news that Spain is one and indivisible, her drooping spirits must be proportionately elated; for we have it on the authority of the *Times* that, if she will only "train herself to be a true Spaniard, she will not fear but that she will be intelligible to all her subjects from Biscay to Murcia."

Having solved "this apparently insuperable difficulty," the writer turns to contemplate the sentimental aspects of his subject. His knowledge of the divisions of Spanish character, though sufficiently minute and searching, yields to a still deeper understanding of the mysteries of the human heart. "The imagination," as he is careful to remind himself, "must always be affected by the spectacle of the transplantation of a princess from her home in one land to a foreign throne." All the circumstances of her departure have been inexpressibly touching. She has renounced her share in "Hapsburg wealth and Hapsburg principalities," and, what is even more pathetic, she has, "like other Royal brides," been studying the language of her new country. The knowledge of these facts would suffice to move even the most careless mind, and we must all of us share the happiness of the *Times* in the thought that, "besides being a Queen, she will be a wife." However strange and unfamiliar she may find the manners of Burgos or Barcelona, she will at least have the sympathy and support of her husband. For, as the *Times* points out, "among all royalties there is a certain relationship of feeling and tradition." The same thing is no doubt true of all ranks of life, however humble, and herein may be found a powerful argument against unequal matches. By marrying a monarch the Archduchess is able to feel herself at once at home, even although she may not have mastered all the rules of the Spanish grammar. Such a sentiment cannot but appeal strongly to the good sense of English respectability. It must tend to promote that reverence for distinctions of class which is the solid foundation of our national prosperity, and it will at the same time tend to increase the sense of mystery which surrounds all persons of royal birth. But the bond of sympathy betwixt King Alfonso and his bride is not merely dependent upon the awful fact that they are both "royalties," for "an Austrian princess and a Spanish monarch have a special affinity in association." Hapsburg blood runs in King Alfonso's veins, and its quantity is, in the opinion of the *Times*, even greater than that of Bourbon blood. We have no notion by what subtle process of analysis the writer has arrived at this conclusion, but we have the fullest confidence that he is right. And he is no doubt equally correct when he states that the Hapsburgs "learnt from the stately etiquette of Ferdinand and Isabella the studied grandeur in which they have always been acknowledged masters." Versed in the principles of this stately etiquette, the Archduchess may enter her new kingdom without misgiving. With all the laws of deportment at her fingers' ends, she will hardly feel herself a stranger "at the splendid palaces of the Escorial and the Pardo (*sic*)," and even if she should be found tripping in some insignificant point of Spanish manners, she can always fall back upon the enduring and unalterable fact that, like her august husband, she is a "royalty." So that, after all is said, and in spite of the natural sense of anxiety that must fill a tender heart, there is no reason to regard this marriage with any feelings save of hope and congratulation. With time and application, even the difficulties of the Spanish grammar may be fairly conquered, and by dint of patient study the divergence of character between Burgos and Barcelona will at last be laid bare. In the meantime the young Queen may rest assured of the tender sympathy of the *Times*. She may not perhaps enjoy the extreme felicity of stepping on to her new kingdom from British soil; but she is pursued to her new home by the anxious solicitude of the most powerful British journal, which in singing her praises has revealed an unsuspected tenderness of nature.

## DEVONSHIRE PROVINCIALISMS.

SOME little time ago, in writing of the undesirable scheme which has been entertained of making a railway over Dartmoor from Yelverton to Princetown, we had occasion to refer to the good service done with regard to this and other matters regarding Dartmoor by the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art. This Association publishes every year a "Report and Transactions," in which a good deal of fine confused reading, interesting to others besides Devonshire men, may be found. Committees are appointed and make reports on Devonshire meteorology, Devonshire folk-lore, Devonshire celebrities, and, amongst other things, Devonshire verbal provincialisms; and the Reports issued in 1878 and 1879 on the last-named subject seem to suggest matter for curious reflection. One finds in them many expressions which are peculiar to Devonshire, but also many which have long been common to the English population; and it is not easy to imagine how the people who have noted these down can possibly have been led to class them under the head of Devonshire provincialisms. For instance, opening at random the Report for 1878 we come upon this "Drowned (= Drowned)." "A woman of the labouring class, a native of Ugborough, but now resident at Plymouth, said to me to-day, 'Two men were drowned at Plymouth'; and just above this we find *between the two lights* italicized as a peculiar expression for twilight. Neither of these expressions is likely to be recognized as peculiar to Devonshire by people who are not themselves Devonians, nor will it be thought that there is much reason for inserting this paragraph. "Sky-larking (= Frolicking, sporting). According to the *Western Morning News*," the writer says with becoming, if excessive, caution, "a youth giving evidence at a coroner's inquest said, 'The deceased was very fond of sky-larking in the workshop.'" Again, one is not moved to much astonishment or admiration of a novel phrase by being told that a labouring man striking a stone said, when his hammer flew off the handle, "I thought something would give way when I let into't like that"; but, on the other hand, there is something forcible and attractive in the phrase noted in the following paragraph:—"Limb (= any member or part of the body). A labourer's wife, born and resident at Teignmouth, said to me, 'His face is the best limb he's got.'" Shortly before this is recorded a very curious expression, for which it would be interesting to find an explanation. One labouring man, speaking of another, said, "I believe he *killed a little pig* before he left the town;" and on inquiry it was found that the expression, which was common, and had been introduced by Cornish miners, meant contracting a debt. *Dabberdashed*, too, meaning spoilt by rough handling, is an expressive word; and a strange, but not perhaps irrational, inversion of an ordinary phrase is found in this speech of a labouring man:—"I ought to have thought of it before you spoke. I *had my mind in it* this morning." The New Shakespeare Society should note this use of the word *niching*. "I heard an 'errand boy' of about twelve years old say to another of about the same age, 'Ah, young fellow, you be a *niching*,' meaning *truanting*." It might be rash to assume that we are intended to conclude from the inverted commas placed on each side of the words "errand boy" that this too is a Devonshire provincialism; but it is certainly not less peculiar to Devonshire than are many others among the so-called provincialisms.

In the Report for 1879 we find this curious variant of the well-known Irish phrase "Potatoes and Point"—"Bread and Point (= Bread with very little butter). A servant girl, about nineteen years of age, born and resident at Torquay, speaking to me of some bread and butter she had cut, on which she had put very little butter, said, 'That's what we call *Bread and Point*,' and, on my asking for an explanation, added that the meaning was that no more butter was used than could be held on the *point* of the knife." The information contained in the same Report that the word "drain" is sometimes used to indicate a small quantity of fluid will probably surprise few people. The person to whose knowledge the existence of this strange phrase has come notes, with the same caution which he displayed in referring to the expression "skylarking," that, according to the *Western Times*, the following conversation once took place between a coroner and a witness. "'Did you drink any of the brandy?' 'Sir, I never tasted a *drain*.'" *Iron Prayers* is a strange phrase which signifies "remarks made to the disadvantage of any one not present"; and the phraseology of a sentence spoken by a labourer's wife, who said, "He's most mazed about the old stables; *stemming* about" (busy in trifles), seems to have much to recommend it. In *primroses* for *primroses* we get a curious old form of the plural, and it was certainly worth noting that a woman said, in reply to the question "Is the new loaf cut yet?" "No, I've not *tamed it* (cut off the first slice) yet." *Piert*, or *pear*, for cheerful, is certainly not peculiar to Devonshire, and we are not inclined to think that the expression, "He gets the *uprights* at every other plant," used of a gardener who was dilatory at his work, can be fairly classed as a provincialism any more than the common phrase "he's got a fit of the slows." The phrase "a rattle-backed old place" hardly needs explanation; nor, perhaps, would it be difficult to construe by the light of nature the speech of a fisherman who said, "When you hook them in the *jabber* you can catch them." But why, amongst a good deal that is curious and interesting, there should be inserted such records as that a man was heard to say, "I *mind* the time when the barn was built," it is difficult to understand. We do not

know whether in former Reports of the Devonshire Association any one has taken the trouble to collect the words and phrases which survive as relics of the time when the French prisoners of war were kept at Princetown. It is still not uncommon to hear one village child, threatening another, say, "I'll make 'ee holloa out morblew"; and "*a proper rendyoo*" is used to express a gathering of people. More phrases of the kind could probably be discovered by inquiry, and if this has not been done already, we would venture to suggest that it would be a more desirable undertaking than the random collection of expressions many of which belong as much to any other county as to Devonshire.

In the Report of the Committee on Devonshire Folk-Lore for 1879 there is a good deal that is interesting. It opens with a reference to *Cutty Dyer, the Ogre of the Yeo*, a mysterious being supposed to inhabit the river Yeo, well remembered by old townspeople of Ashburton as a terror of their childhood. "To the generation before," says Mr. Amery, who contributes some notes on this being—"namely, to our great-grandparents, 'Cutty Dyer' was the dread of their more matured years, and was supposed to inflict summary punishment on toppers as they reeled with difficulty by night through the dark streets to their houses." The writer notes that the town of Ashburton is built along the banks of the Yeo (formerly the Ashburn), and that the principal street runs at right angles to the stream, which a century ago was crossed by a ford, pedestrians using stepping-stones. "Doubtless in early times the brook was an object of veneration, as we know was the prevalent custom of the age, as shown by the enactments of Canute which ordered the idolatrous 'veneration of streams, fountains, rocks, and trees' to cease. . . . The giant St. Christopher was afterwards introduced as a sort of patron to fords and bridges to neutralize the evil effects of the water-sprite"; and in the old churchwardens' book at Ashburton are these entries, the first in 1536-7, the second in 1538-9:—"Paid vj<sup>d</sup>. for lokyn of the stocke to make Saynt Cristoffer." "Paid ix<sup>d</sup>. in part payment of the greater sum for making the image of St. Christopher." This, Mr. Amery concludes, was doubtless a wooden image which stood perhaps on the corner house by the stepping-stones, and which was dethroned at the Reformation, and probably cast into the stream, where Christopher became transformed into the ogre Cutty Dyer, but whence he got his second name Mr. Amery is unable to guess.

The same writer also describes the curious custom of burning the ashen faggot on Christmas Eve, which is still kept up in the Ashburton district. "It is considered necessary," he says, "to have as large a log as possible in the middle, remnants of which are supposed to continue smouldering on the hearth during the twelve days of Christmas, so that a fire can be raised at any moment, day or night, by the aid of a pair of bellows and a blast of furze. . . . Usually a tree is chosen, from which the whole faggot is made, and fastened by binders of twisted hazel or *halse*, as it is called. These are as numerous as possible, as a quart of cider is *craved* on the burning through of each. The whole is confined by two chains." Mr. Amery was told by an old inhabitant that burning the ashen faggot commemorated the first dressing of our Saviour in swaddling-clothes, because Joseph cut a faggot of ash, and lighted a fire by which the child was first dressed, and he compares this account with the more imaginative one given by an English gipsy to Mr. Leland (*English Gipsies and their Language*) of the connexion in the Romany mind between the ash and Christmas-time. The writer tells us that it is usual when the fire has been lighted and the wood has begun to crack to place the youngest child of the household on the faggot, its boldness or timidity being regarded as a sign of its future character. As the faggot burns away a kind of snap-dragon is played with the hot chains which surround it. We are indebted to the same writer for this curious piece of information:—"A lady, upwards of seventy years of age, informs me that, when a child on a visit to her uncle at Ashburton, she was severely scolded by one of the servants for pointing her finger at the moon. The act was considered very wicked, being an insult, and no one knew what evil influences it might call down."

#### BABIES AND BY-LAWS.

IT was in our earliest infancy that we were taught to rejoice in the gracious influences which had smiled upon our birth, with the result of making us, not a little heathen, nor a little slave, nor a little gipsy, nor even, according to a stanza of doubtful authority but wide acceptance, "a little pig, to wallow in the mire," but "a happy English child." That was a very long time ago. Later in our experience we learnt, from the lips of Mr. Chadband, how it was "glorious to be a human boy. And why glorious, my young friend? Because you are capable of receiving the lessons of wisdom; because you are capable of profiting by this discourse which I now deliver for your good; because you are not a stick, or a staff, or a stone, or a post:—

O running stream of sparkling joy,  
To be a soaring human boy!"

Jo, if we remember rightly, did not see the glory or the joy altogether in the same light; but then he had not the advantage of living in our own time as a human boy—or, for the matter of that, a girl, had the smiling influences so arranged—under fourteen years of age. Possibly, if he had possessed this advantage, his benighted

consciousness might have left him groping and blundering still further in the dark, while, under the enlightening "lessons of wisdom" of the advancing century, the "happy English child," if he or she only knew it, is happier now than ever. Mr. Chadband was but a commonplace instructor and guide at the best, and the poor little light of his "Terewth" must pale before the scientific illumination which pours upon the path of contemporary babyhood from the Council Office. How soft and gentle, and yet how brilliant, is that light, "measured" along "the nearest road from the residence of such child," we will endeavour, however feebly, to set forth, together with something of the beneficence of its experienced results, of which perhaps, in their modest self-abnegation, "My Lords" are not aware.

But it is not to the thronged street that we would guide the thoughts of our readers. The London School Board wearies us with its endless talk; Birmingham defends. Deep in the heart of the hills and valleys of England, by babbling brooks (with a tendency to rise several feet in the course of the night) and sweet sequestered woodland paths (about six inches deep in clay mud as an ordinary rule, and with a top-dressing of water at frequent intervals), lie the scenes in which we desire to interest them. Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools has not hitherto been a familiar visitor to these regions, and is not supposed to like them very much when he gets there; while the infant mind, beholding him, is usually lost in blank amazement at the discovery that he is not a policeman, and is not come to take any one away to prison. This latter conclusion, however, may not prove to be always entirely justified by the event. "Qui facit per alium facit per se" is a very old legal maxim, and H.M.'s Inspector runs considerable risk in country districts of becoming the victim, or bugbear, of its practical application. This secular and undenominational Archdeacon may not carry about with him a pair of handcuffs among the other penal appliances and instruments of torture contained within his awful black-bag; but his visitations are preceded and followed by the appearance of a Sompnour or Sumner as powerful as his ecclesiastical predecessor of five hundred years ago, and even more relentless and implacable. This officer is ubiquitous, and is found in the most retired corners of the land, where even Inspectors fear to tread, where Government grants have not penetrated, and the very name of "My Lords" is unknown. He has the potential, if not the actual, handcuffs in his pocket; and he told me, he did, that Thomas must go to prison at Grandchester, if he didn't pay the five shillings. So I told him that Thomas must go to prison, then, for he hadn't got the five shillings to pay with, nor likely these times. And it was along of our Alice, because she'd been a stopping at home minding the baby, and such, and she hadn't been at school, not to call regular, in the bad weather." Alice, as it turned out, had fallen short by some dozen marks or so of the mysterious annual 250; and a teacher gifted with the non-official virtue of common sense had annexed to her name in the examination schedule a mark signifying that she had been "beneficially" engaged; which mark H.M. Inspector would have none of, writing instead of it the wrathful words, "Illegally employed." From this point a somewhat "gyrotravistic" process had brought about the penalty on Thomas, and the visit of the Summoner, as above described. It was our own chance in our late holiday roaming to light upon Alice herself in her daring violation of the (Inspector's) law. There must be, we fear, some "illegal" thread in our mental texture; for we confess to having been a little charmed. Carrying the baby about always, and surrounded by a troop of small creatures—her own belongings and a neighbour's—she had enclosed within an unscientific frontier composed of sticks and ends of worsted the only portion of a bit of old common which could be comparatively described as dry land, and was exercising there an orderly and popular sway which might well be envied by pro-consuls of an age more mature than her twelve years. The untrodden ways among which Alice dwelt lay far from the madding crowd of School Boards, and of course, therefore, within the jurisdiction of a "local authority," the "School Attendance Committee" of the Board of Guardians. As all these local authorities are new to their work, it is not perhaps wonderful if the ideas prevalent among them generally should be a little mixed, or if, in carrying out their official instructions, they should follow the precedent of the well-known writer on Chinese metaphysics who "combined his information." In the case of the special "local authority" to which we refer, the place of that celebrated essayist was efficiently filled by the living presence of H.M.'s Inspector, who had pronounced poor Alice to be "illegally employed."

Yet to ordinary readers of the Act of Parliament it might appear that she was not "employed" at all within the meaning of the statute, and that, if she had been, the question whether such employment was "illegal" or not would have been decided upon evidence which was neither produced nor asked for. The Act which now regulates the employment of agricultural children is the Elementary Education Act of 1876, 39 and 40 Vict. c. 79, and its 47th section distinctly excludes from the meaning of its provisions as to "employment" the child kept at home for domestic purposes such as "minding baby," as not being "labour exercised by way of trade, or for the purposes of gain." An exempting schedule as distinctly permits "employment," in the sense of the Act, to children above ten years of age qualified by previous attendances, for a certain number of years as therein stated. The "illegality" of any "employment" can therefore only be shown by the evidence supplied by school registers. But the fine imposed by the Act for illegally employing a child is one which falls upon the employer,



and the exempting schedule has reference to this portion of the Act. Another portion, which in its scope and provisions is entirely distinct, has been popularly, and, we fear, also officially confused with it. A parent "habitually and without reasonable cause neglecting to provide efficient education for his child," or allowing the child to be "habitually wandering and consorting with criminals or disorderly persons," is to be dealt with before magistrates by a process, first of attendance orders, and then, if necessary, of fines; and it is evident that the nature of offences under the former class must be interpreted in relation to that of the second class associated with them. A parent whose child has for years been sent to school has not, one would suppose, "habitually neglected" its education; and yet it is, we believe, a common and growing practice to visit ordinary irregularities of attendance by procedure under this section, to the great comfort of the magistrates' clerks in the matter of fees. In other words, the powers conferred by the Act to control parents of the rough, or vagrant, or criminal classes, are used for the purpose of increasing the ordinary Government grants to elementary schools—a very admirable purpose, no doubt, but one scarcely contemplated by the statute.

But, as the meshes of the general law are hardly close enough to enfold all the babies and baby-tenders scattered in out-of-the-way rural haunts, and to drag them—through mire and mud, swamps and snowdrifts, in fair weather and foul—to learn the lessons of wisdom and hear the discourses concerning "the cat, the fat rat, and the tin man on the mat," by which the infant mind is earliest developed, a special network of parochial "by-laws" (under the Act of 1870) is gradually finding favour with "local authorities" and with everybody, except, we should imagine, the poor babies themselves and their parents. These modest little codes may appear to have a local origin, but they are really provided, ready made, by "My Lords," with very small liberty of choice in their framing and adaptation to the circumstances of any particular neighbourhood. And from a copy now before us we incline to think that poor Thomas is in a very bad way indeed, and had better make up his mind to go to Grandchester Gaol at once, and have done with it. "Every parent who shall not observe, or who shall neglect or violate, these Bye-laws [we quote the official spelling without presuming either to criticize or to explain it], or any of them, shall upon conviction be liable to a penalty not exceeding, with the costs, five shillings, for each offence." In order to assist Thomas in understanding his duty and in keeping his five shillings to buy bread and boots for his babies, the "local authority" has very kindly told him what is meant by a "child," by a "school," and even by "the Code of 1876." It has, in fact, defined for him every conceivable term except a "road" and a "reasonable excuse"; the meaning of which he is left to work out by his own lights as he follows the plough. As to the former of these two all-essential terms—for the absence of a "road" of given length neutralizes all the terrors of the Bench—"My Lords" themselves preserve a diplomatic silence. When asked not long since by an inquiring manager whether any official definition of a "road" had been arrived at, their reply was perfect in its courteous no-meaning. Emerging for once from their official agnosticism, it was clear that they were not "at a loss to know" the drift of the inquiry. But "My Lords" are even more cruel to Thomas and his mates in leaving them to find out for themselves the definition of a "reasonable excuse," and, worse than this, in mocking them with a logical fallacy. "Any of the following reasons shall be a reasonable excuse." Very likely; but, as a late Professor of Logic at Oxford was wont to explain, "If I ask what is meant by a humbug, and am told in reply that 'Uncle John is a humbug,' the fact may be true, but the meaning is not defined." When "My Lords" are therefore good enough to say that "an unavoidable cause" is "a reasonable excuse," the statement may or may not be a case of "ignotum per ignotius," but we are no nearer the mark for a definition. A few more illustrations might indeed conduce to the interest of the by-laws, and would be quite as instructive as those already issued. The following cases, gathered from known historical authorities, may serve as specimens:—

- (d) That the child has been devoured by a wolf.
- (e) That the child has been lost in a wood, where it was last seen eating blackberries.
- (f) That the child has been carried off by an eagle to its nest upon an inaccessible precipice.

But we have reserved to the last the most crushing blow for our poor agricultural friend. "The time during which every child shall attend school," under all these penalties for non-attendance, "shall be the whole time for which the school shall be open, including the day fixed by Her Majesty's Inspector for his annual visit." Five miles a day—half out in the morning, half home in the evening—wet or dry, hail or snow; in such a winter as the last, and along such "roads" as hunting-men know in the hilly clay-lands—this is the pleasant prospect for the "happy English child" of six years old in our days, all the year round, "for the whole time for which the school selected shall be open." It will be nothing, perhaps, when they are used to it; and the framers of these codes, delightful for parents and children alike, will, it may be hoped, provide a complete scheme by which the infant "human boy" shall be prepared for his "glorious" destiny. The lullaby of the cradle should begin the theme, and, not altogether forgetful of the old memories, the measured midnight paternal tramp should be paced to a new refrain—"By-law, baby, By-law, by!"

It will be in the memory of many of our readers that in the year 1862 a new Code was issued from the Council Office provid-

ing, among many other educational improvements, for various performances to be practised by children from three to five years of age upon and in connexion with the "black-board." It was, we believe, the then Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord Auckland, who pointed out to "My Lords," as a matter which they might accidentally have overlooked, that children of the age indicated could not even reach the black-board; and the Council Office was quite glad of the information, which, it appeared, had not previously been in the official possession of the department. A little local common sense and knowledge of children as they are would be of no small benefit in our own educational legislation; and parents for whom elementary schools are not required are able to judge, and ought to judge, from their own experience as to the varying conditions, whether of a child's life, of our uncertain climate, or of our country districts, which may influence and modify the cut-and-dried regulations officially promulgated from Whitehall.

#### TRAPPERS AND THE FUR-TRADERS.

THE last report of the Hudson's Bay Company indicates a continued fall in prices in the fur trade, and expresses fears of a further decline in the sales of the coming spring. It almost appears as if we were witnessing the remarkable phenomenon of supply and demand diminishing together; for we may assume that unremitting persecution has diminished the numbers of the fur-bearing animals, while they must certainly have been receding from the neighbourhood of the trading posts to solitudes still more inaccessible and inhospitable. If the demand for furs is on the decrease, it cannot be because the climate is improving in the countries that used to be the best customers of the Fur Companies. The Russian and Scandinavian winters are as long and severe as ever; we should fancy that the merchants at the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod still do as brisk a wholesale business; nor can the articles in the famous fur warehouses of Leipsic and Berlin have lost any of their attractions for shivering North Germans. Robes and trimmings of the richer and softer peltries have always been the fashion at Vienna, as the visitor may see any winter day by marking the carriages that roll round the Ring or under the leafless alleys of the Prater. As for the Magyars, they have what one might call a mania for the wear, were it not that we can well understand the inexpressible comfort of wrappings that are in some measure impervious to the bitter winds that sweep down from the Carpathians across the shelterless Hungarian plains. Even Southern Europeans seem to be sensitive to cold in an inverse proportion to the normal warmth of their enervating climate. When an Italian finds his constitution threatened with a collapse, when his liver is out of order or his digestion impaired, his first idea is to envelop himself in coverings that guard him against unwholesome exhalations or sharp changes of the atmosphere. It makes you hotter than you feel already to see him lounging along in his fur-trimmed cloak on a balmy spring day on the sunny Chiaia at Naples or the sunnier Marina of Palermo, when you are labouring under the weight of your lightest coat, and regretting that your summer garments are in England. As for the Spaniard, he seldom quits his voluminous *capa* from the beginning to the end of the year; and if he can afford to ballast it with furs against the blasts from his sierras, so much the better for him. Those terrible winds are said, as they come whistling round the corners of the streets, to snuff out lives like the flame of a candle; and his city of Madrid, on his lofty plateau, is at once the hottest and coldest capital of Europe. We English, too, in spite of our insular situation and the moderating influences we owe to the Gulf Stream, can hardly, in our own idea, be too warmly clad through many weeks in the year; and many of us are sure to buy furs, when we can afford them, so long as fogs and frosts alternate through our winters. Nor is the purchase of furs confined to the European nations who pride themselves on their advanced civilization, or to the natives of the United States, with the trying vicissitudes of their seasons. The merchants from the steppes of Northern Siberia do a smart stroke of business in time of peace with the pachas and merchants of Armenia and Asia Minor, with the dignitaries of the Tartar Khanates and the chiefs of marauding hordes of Turkomans, and with the priests and wealthy laymen of Tibet; while the mandarins of the Flowery Land and the daimios of Japan deck themselves out on occasions of ceremony in the spoils of the sea-otter and the ermine.

All these people must be buying more or less, as they have bought before and will buy again. But it is quite intelligible that the general depression, with intermitting wars and overgrown armaments, may have been exercising a perceptible influence on the fur market. Furs, so far as the chief profits of the traders are concerned, are essentially luxuries of the rich and prosperous. It is the rarest and finest skins that yield the most lucrative returns, since they command prices that become fanciful in proportion to their scarcity. It is almost as easy to run up heavy bills with a fashionable furrier as with a jeweller or aesthetic silversmith. But there is a great point in favour of the fur-trader in the perishable nature of his costly wares. Jewelry may be handed down in a family as heirlooms, and at the worst the stones will only need resetting. There are diamonds and emeralds that have historical reputations and gain in value with the growing lustre of their associations. Services of plate are simply indestructible, and even if they should be fused in some great conflagration, the precious metal remains and has only to

be manipulated again. But a set of skins of the sea-otter or sable can only last a certain time, even with the utmost care. There are accidents from which it is difficult or impossible to protect them. The moth will find its way into your repositories; and at all events the hairs will rub off with rough usage, while the soft and velvety gloss will suffer with wear and exposure to weather. The wealthy connoisseurs who strive to outshine each other in the Newski Prospect, in the Viennese Ring, or on the Parisian Boulevards, are of course fastidious as to appearances, and on the first premonitory symptoms of shabbiness, exchange their suits of skins for others. If they have been driven to economize, contrary to their habits, we may be sure they will launch out again, to make up for lost time, as soon as their circumstances become easier. There will be keener competition than before when they are replenishing their fur wardrobes; and prices may temporarily rule higher than ever, as queens of society are determined to outbid their rivals for the precious rarities they are determined to possess. But we suspect that, on the other hand, the more common kinds of fur may be permanently less in request than they have been. There has been a remarkable development of late in the manufacture of weather-proof woollen materials; and the fashion of feminine ulsters must have dealt a blow to the furriers. When beaver hats and bonnets were replaced by silk, the beaver, who was in course of being remorselessly extirpated, had a turn of luck which must have astonished that intelligent animal as he took out a fresh lease of existence. And so these ulsters of almost imperishable Irish frieze, as stout as fabrics of planking and decidedly less destructible, may bring a reprieve to the more vulgar races of Arctic animals, and put a check on the savage atrocities of seal-hunting.

There may be as much romance in the history of a suit of furs as in that of a necklace of brilliants or emeralds; though we suspect the wearers seldom give even a passing thought to the hardships and hairbreadth escapes of the rough hunters and trappers. Indeed it seems surprising to an outsider that an association like the Hudson's Bay Company finds no difficulty in recruiting its staff of highly-efficient servants. When the beaver and the buffalo were being hunted further to the south, in the regions of prairie and mountain that have been transformed into "States" and "Territories," we can understand the fascination of the pursuit to the pioneer of Western civilization. He knew nothing of luxury; he had never been used to what we call comfort, and he loved danger for its own sake. The tameness of regular everyday work was intolerable to him, and he had sickened of the monotony of view from the door of his log cabin before securing the last of the shingles on the roof. When he struck out into the wilds with his traps and his rifle it is true that he carried his life in his hand. Encroaching on the hunting-grounds of hostile savages, he dared hardly light a fire to cook the evening meal; he had to mask his trail as well as he could, and he had to "cache" himself and his belongings in some cove between setting his traps and revisiting them. As he skulked along the banks of the stream with eyes "skinned" on the outlook for "beaver-sign," he might be shot at any moment from an ambush; and while he discharged the contents of his piece at the buffalo there might be an Indian waiting to take him at advantage. He suffered often from cold and hunger; he had not unfrequently to abandon the fruits of a season if he hoped to carry his scalp back on his head; and he was almost invariably deep in debt to the traders of the settlements, who took advantage of his reckless habits and his necessities. But, on the other hand, there was an excitement in the life while it lasted, which more than made up for all its privations, and spoiled him utterly for more peaceful pursuits. There was excitement, not only in the arts of circumventing the wary wild animals, but in keeping himself out of reach of his watchful enemies. There was excitement in the lottery of trapping, where he might be wonderfully lucky or the reverse. There was excitement in the balmy but invigorating air he breathed, when his blanket became almost an encumbrance at night for many months in the season. There was something homelike to a daring wanderer like him in the woods and rich vegetation that covered the face of the country, though he was unconscious of any appreciation of the picturesque or the beautiful. Above all, there was excitement in the fierce fight when a group of trappers matched their guns and knives against the arrows and tomahawks of the Red men, and in the revelry with which they celebrated their successes afterwards, when the gains of a season were squandered in a week. The trapper troubled himself but little as to what was to become of him in his old age, since nothing was less probable than that he should ever attain to it; and, with his peculiar temperament and tastes, we can imagine him, according to his lights, one of the most enviable of sporting adventurers.

But it is a very different state of things with the men who take service with the Company whose fur-bearing domains form the bishopric of Rupert's Land. There are short summers, with winters that are almost interminable; and the trapping must be done in the severity of winter, when starvation, getting the better of suspicion, forces the animals to take the baits. There are thick, gloomy pine-woods, stretching league upon league, snowy steppes, and frozen expanses of most inhospitable aspect. As the business of trapping has been systematically pursued, the game, as we have remarked, has been receding from the settlements; and you must follow it up to its retreats in the desolation of the wilds, camping out many hundred miles from the nearest base of operations. You may fail to supplement the regular store rations with hunt-

ing; all but the deer or elk that are killed must be sadly out of condition; and the supplies of food that are brought from the store-rooms must necessarily be restricted by the difficulty of carrying them. It is nothing unusual for one-half of a party to have to retrace the vast distance they have travelled that they may renew their scanty stock of provisions, while their companions, who are to see to the traps till their return, have to put up with privations in intense anxiety. Indeed the chief characteristic of the life is the practice of the many-sided endurance which must be exceptionally trying to men who are constitutionally energetic and active. They have to bear up, not only against cold and hunger, and possibly a long continuation of most disheartening ill-luck, but against the dreary monotony of an everyday existence in which any sensations that come in by way of interlude are likely to be disagreeable in the extreme. The superintendents of the posts and the officers of the Company are for the most part men of more than average intelligence, who would probably have made their way in the world had they decided to push their fortunes as farmers or traders on their own account. As agents of the Company, they have to submit to a life of perpetual isolation, and can only communicate with society by a chain of stages lying through the forts that are dotted over the wilderness. Letters and journals delivered periodically in packages are laid down for deliberate consumption, like the deer and buffalo meat which they jerk in the summer-time. They lead a barrack life by rule, sitting down at stated hours to the same primitive fare, in the company that is become only too familiar. They must have "sucked each other's brains" till the exhaustion is complete, and travelled over each inch of their respective minds till they know them as well as the bit of prairie that lies round their stockade. Their duties, such as they are, detain them chiefly withindoors; and it is seldom, indeed, that they get a change of scene, since it is difficult to have their duties performed in their absence. It may be an agreeable break in a wearisome life when the bands of roving Indians move up to the post to sell the skins they have gathered through the season; though these *protégés* of the Company take a good deal of looking after, and neither life nor articles of property are safe. We need hardly sketch the picture of the winter, when the air is thick with snow-flakes all around, and the snow drift is being heaped against the wooden palisades; when the thermometer has fallen to any number of degrees below zero, and the closely-imprisoned inmates are thrown absolutely on their own resources for entertainment. They may be tempted to be indisposed by way of variety, but serious illness is out of the question. For the only mode of travelling is by sledges; the rivers have either become impassable, or are only to be crossed at extreme peril, and the nearest doctor may be thousands of miles away. You might be dead and buried many times before you reached him; though, by the way, burial is not to be thought of, for, if there should unfortunately be occasion for a funeral, the ceremony must be deferred to the spring. But Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and it is remarkable how men get habituated to anything; and many a moping invalid in England might be willing to change places with a Hudson's Bay servant whose health is as sound as his spirits are equable.

#### A POINT IN THE LAW OF LIBEL.

THE libel cases with which so disproportionate a measure of judicial time has lately been taken up are not, as a rule, instructive. Governments have arrived at the wisdom of letting people say pretty much what they will, short of absolute sedition, and the contest between the legitimate freedom of the press and the autocratic censorship of the State is practically at an end in this country. Knotty points of law do not commonly arise in such proceedings, and what interest recent cases have excited has for the most part been of an unhealthy kind, based on the virulence of the language employed or the position of the persons attacked. It is therefore refreshing to find a really important question raised and decided in one of these suits generally so unprofitable to the community at large. For obvious reasons we forbear to offer the slightest opinion on the merits of the case now pending between Mr. Lawson and Mr. Labouchere, nor do we even intend to deal with the facts, further than may be necessary to demonstrate the bearings of the legal question referred to. As is well known, Mr. Lawson last month summoned Mr. Labouchere before Sir Robert Carden for the publication of an alleged libel in a number of *Truth*, published on the 9th of October, 1879. The criminal law recognizes two distinct classes of libel—the one where a libel is maliciously published by a person knowing the same to be false, the other where this element of knowledge is absent. The main difference consists in the measure of punishment which may be allotted to a person convicted of one or other of these offences, the latter being, of course, the less heavily visited; and it was with the latter offence only that Mr. Lawson charged Mr. Labouchere. Part of the alleged libel consisted in a statement that Mr. Lawson was a disgrace to journalism; and when the case came on for hearing, Mr. Labouchere, who conducted his own defence, proceeded to cross-examine Mr. Lawson at considerable length on matters connected with his management of and interest in the *Daily Telegraph*, and moreover required the production of certain numbers of that journal on which to base further cross-examina-



tion. Naturally cross-examination may proceed a good way before any one but the cross-examiner can clearly perceive the drift and object of it, and so Mr. Labouchere was permitted to continue for some time. When at length it became evident that the main object of his interrogation was to elicit admissions which might be interpreted into evidence of the truth of the charges he had brought against Mr. Lawson, objection was taken to this course of proceeding, and, after considerable discussion, Sir Robert Carden refused to permit him to proceed further, and the case was adjourned in order to give Mr. Labouchere an opportunity of obtaining the opinion of a superior court as to the legitimacy of the line taken by him. Mr. Labouchere subsequently applied to the Queen's Bench for a mandamus to compel Sir Robert Carden to hear evidence, whether by cross-examination of the witnesses for the prosecution or by the direct evidence of witnesses called for the defence, designed to show that the assertions denounced as libels were true, and that it was for the public interest that they should be published. A rule was granted, and on Wednesday and Thursday in the present week the matter was fully discussed and ultimately decided adversely to Mr. Labouchere.

The point of law is a curious one, and arises by reason of the following circumstances. In civil cases—that is to say, where a man who conceives that he has been libelled chooses to resort to the civil rather than the criminal law for his remedy—the truth of the assertions constitutes an absolute defence. Where the aggrieved person proceeds against his aspersor criminally the case is somewhat different. The old rule, as to the continuance of which much popular error exists, was “the greater the truth the greater the libel.” Lord Campbell's Act, passed in 1843, enacts that “On the trial of any indictment or information for a defamatory libel, the defendant having pleaded such plea as is hereinafter mentioned, the truth of the matters charged may be inquired into, but shall not amount to a defence unless it was for the public good that the matters charged should be published, and to entitle the defendant to give evidence of the truth of such matters charged as a defence to such indictment or information, it shall be necessary for the defendant in pleading to the said indictment or information to allege the truth of the said matters charged in the manner now required for pleading a justification to an action for defamation, and further to allege that it was for the public benefit that the said matters charged should be published, and the particular fact or facts by reason whereof it was for the public benefit that the said matters charged should be published.” We have quoted this section in full, inasmuch as the whole argument practically turns on its wording. Now it will at once be observed that the power of setting up this defence is made subject to certain conditions. The defence must be pleaded in the same manner as it would be in a civil action—that is to say, it must be definitely stated on the record that the defendant intends to rely on two facts as exonerating him from blame in respect of what he has written; first, that it was true, and second, that the public interest was consulted by the publication of the matter complained of. The measure is so far as it goes a wise one. On the one hand, it would be a gross abuse if persons were debarred from communicating to the public at large information which might protect society from the wiles of an impostor. A man who has been defrauded performs a duty and a service towards his fellow-creatures by giving them the benefit of his experience. Numerous other cases will suggest themselves where silence would be an offence rather than publication. On the other hand, instances are not far to seek where the dissemination of a fact may be injurious to an individual without any corresponding advantage to the community, and such dissemination the criminal law declines to protect. One thing in the present case is not very clear to our mind. The main point which Mr. Labouchere, in justification of his somewhat broad assertion against Mr. Lawson, sought to elicit from him, was an alleged sudden and unaccountable change which took place in the politics of the *Daily Telegraph* whilst under Mr. Lawson's management. It may be perfectly true that the *Daily Telegraph* has, as it alleges, the largest circulation in the world; but it is going rather far to say that it is to the public interest to disclose the circumstances which may have led to the veering of its political advocacy. As a rule, people take in a newspaper because it accords with their political sentiments rather than with a view to moulding their opinions implicitly upon the lines laid down in this or that journal; and, considering the very varied and numerous papers now in circulation, we should have been inclined to think that, supposing Mr. Labouchere's theory to be correct, the evil, so far as it regards the public, would have neutralized itself; and that when people found the *Daily Telegraph* running counter to their views, they would have abandoned it for some more congenial print, rather than blindly follow its lead. The least that can be said is that Mr. Labouchere paid a very high compliment to his opponent's journal by attributing to it so vast an influence on public opinion. This point, however, does not seem to have been much dwelt upon, and it was apparently assumed that the statements made by Mr. Labouchere were, if true, such as it was desirable to publish in the public interest. The real battle was as to whether evidence of their truth could be gone into before the magistrate, Mr. Labouchere being desirous of demonstrating their veracity not only by cross-examination of the prosecutor, but also by evidence adduced on his own behalf.

Reverting now to the section of Lord Campbell's Act quoted above, we may premise that the law, unless it be shown to have

been altered by that or the subsequent enactments to which we shall hereafter refer, is clear that in cases of libel the magistrate, so soon as it has been proved to his satisfaction that the matter complained of is libellous and the publication thereof has been brought home to the defendant, is bound to commit him for trial. Then, in what way does Lord Campbell's Act apply to proceedings before magistrates? It will be observed that it speaks only of the “trial of any indictment or information for a defamatory libel.” Now, the idea of an indictment or information is perfectly foreign to a preliminary investigation before justices of the peace. All such formalities are subsequent and independent of the preliminary inquiry, the only foundation for which is a summons or warrant. Then the defence and evidence in support of it are only to be admitted where such defence is pleaded in a peculiar and prescribed manner—a manner wholly incongruous and inconsistent with the idea of proceedings before a magistrate, where no such things as pleadings are dreamt of. Moreover, the section goes on to enact that where such plea is pleaded, and the defendant is subsequently convicted, the court in awarding punishment may take such plea into consideration, either in mitigation or aggravation of the offence. A magistrate has in such cases no power to award punishment at all; he can merely dismiss the summons or commit the defendant for trial; therefore this provision clearly shows that the section has no application to proceedings within his jurisdiction. The fact is, as the Lord Chief Justice pointed out, that Lord Campbell's Act was an innovation on the then existing law, and therefore the innovation cannot be carried further than it avowedly extends. The innovation it introduced was circumscribed by certain formalities, and applied to only a specified stage of the proceedings; and therefore we must take it as we find it, apart from all questions of expediency. The law directly relating to libel being insufficient to support Mr. Labouchere's contention, resort was had to more general enactments relating to preliminary inquiries before magistrates under which Mr. Labouchere considered himself entitled to go into the question of the truth of the alleged libels. Stat. 11 & 12 Vict. c. 42, sec. 17, directs a magistrate to take the statements of persons who know the facts and circumstances of the case; but it is obvious from the context that this applies only where the magistrate has made up his mind to commit for trial; and, moreover, the “facts and circumstances of the case” is not such a term as would reasonably include the question of the truth of a libel. With regard to this statute the argument was not much pressed; but on a later one, the 30 & 31 Vict. c. 35, contentions were raised in which there was much more show of right on the side of Mr. Labouchere. From the recital in the section of the last-named Act which was most relied on, it is obvious that its intention was to obviate the injustice under which poor defendants were found to suffer from not being able, by reason of their poverty, to secure the attendance of important witnesses on their behalf at the trial. Notwithstanding this recital, however, if the enacting words of the section are found to be sufficiently broad to include the case of any person, independently of his financial position, a rich man is undoubtedly as much entitled to take advantage of its provisions as a poor one. Now what the section enacts is this—that where any person shall appear or be brought before any justice or justices charged with an indictable offence, such justice or justices, before committing him for trial or admitting him to bail, shall demand and require of him whether he desires to call any witnesses; and, if he shall do so, such justice or justices shall, in the presence of the accused person, take the statement on oath or affirmation, both in examination and cross-examination of those who shall be so called as witnesses by the accused person, and who shall know anything relating to the facts and circumstances of the case, or anything tending to prove the innocence of such accused person; and the statements of such witnesses are to be transmitted for the purposes of the trial, together with the other depositions, and the witnesses to be bound over to appear and give evidence at such trial. Now in the first place, it is obvious that, notwithstanding its recital, this section does apply to the case of all accused persons; and therefore, if Mr. Labouchere could show that he was otherwise within its purview, his wealth could not stand in the way of his taking advantage of its provisions.

It was ingeniously argued on his behalf that, inasmuch as the truth of the alleged libel, and its publication in the interests of society, would ultimately constitute a complete defence, anything tending to demonstrate these points would be “something tending to prove the innocence” of Mr. Labouchere; but, unfortunately, the use of such terms as “committing for trial, or admitting to bail,” “such trial,” and the provisions as to the transmission of the statements, and the binding over of the witnesses, show clearly that the object of this enactment is practically the same as that of the prior one above quoted—namely, that after the magistrate has made up his mind to send the case for trial, the defendant is to have an opportunity of adducing matters which may serve him when the case comes before the tribunal which is finally to settle the matter. But Sir Robert Carden has not made up, and may never make up, his mind to commit Mr. Labouchere for trial, and moreover the cross-examination of Mr. Lawson, which was the point at which the investigation broke off, and as to which the question was directly raised, cannot be treated as the evidence of a witness called for the defence.

Of course it may be said that Mr. Labouchere is applying for the opinion of the court in view of possible contingencies, and that therefore it would be as well to decide now whether, in the event

of his being committed, he would be entitled to call witnesses to prove a justification. The court apparently consider that he would not. The Lord Chief Justice discarded the idea of utilizing the statute for the sake of perpetuation of testimony in cases not otherwise within its scope, and we may assume that the view the court takes is that nothing in the way of justification can be relevant to the facts and circumstances of the case, or tend to prove Mr. Labouchere's innocence, until such justification has been duly pleaded. If this be so, we can only say we consider it an unfortunate anomaly of the law of libel. It may be perfectly true that a person accused of, and committed for, libel may, in view of the possible aggravation of punishment which may follow upon a plea of justification not proved, abstain from putting such plea upon the record, in which case evidence of justification taken before the magistrate would not be admissible at the trial; but it would be a more liberal interpretation of the statute to hold that anything which may ultimately tend to prove the innocence of the accused should be admissible before the magistrate, inasmuch as, apart from the question of perpetuation of testimony, it is a great thing for a man in these days of full reporting to be able to adduce at the earliest possible opportunity anything which tends to clear his character of a stigma sought to be affixed to it.

Perhaps the most curious point in the present case is the one strongly urged on behalf of Mr. Labouchere, that if the law be as the Queen's Bench has laid it down to be, a man may be committed on a charge of libel to which he has an absolute and complete defence. Unquestionably that is so, and a very unfortunate thing it is. Having once recognized the doctrine that a man ought not to be punished for telling a salutary truth, the Legislature ought not to let such a man be precluded from proving that this is exactly what he has done until he has suffered inconvenience, obloquy, and perhaps imprisonment. Such a condition of affairs is a disgrace to our legal system, and should be remedied as soon as possible. We are no advocates for protracted preliminary inquiries; but any amount of delay would be preferable to the perpetration of such gross injustice as might any day result from the present condition of our law on this point. A man might be ruined for life, and his health permanently injured by proceedings which should ultimately result in his triumphant victory, and his being demonstrated to be a benefactor to mankind at large.

Of the two cases so freely discussed during the late proceedings, there is little to be said. One, *Reg. v. Townsend*, was absolutely in point, and in accordance with the law as laid down by the Queen's Bench. The other, *Reg. v. Ellison*, as it was frequently but wrongly termed, was clearly distinguishable, inasmuch as there the charge was that of publishing a libel knowing it to be false, in which case, of course, the truth of the libel could be inquired into before the magistrate, inasmuch as, unless it was false, there was no offence for which he could commit.

#### CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

THE racing season of the year 1879 will be remembered as having been the wettest on record. Until the month of October there was scarcely a single meeting favoured by fine weather. Indeed the last few weeks of the season, which are usually regarded as the most unpleasant, were the only part of the racing year during which the weather was tolerably agreeable. Racing under an umbrella is a comfortless amusement, and standing ankle-deep in mud is not a health-giving pursuit. But, whatever the weather, people will go to races. Good racing is well worth seeing, and it has its interest even to non-betting men. Melancholy as the fact may be, horse-racing is undoubtedly one of our national amusements; and even quiet country clergymen have been known to be well acquainted with the name of the first favourite for the Derby. In consequence of the heavy state of the ground during the great part of the summer, the public form exhibited by racehorses has been singularly untrustworthy. When horses which had run together on courses which were susceptible of wet met again on heaths which would not retain moisture, the results were found to be so widely different that it became most difficult to make approximate forecasts of races. It was in vain that racing men turned over the leaves of the *Racing Calendar* with the assiduity of theologians comparing Scripture with Scripture; for public form, instead of being an infallible guide, proved a mere will-o'-the-wisp. Bewildering as this state of affairs was to betting men, it was far from being so unsatisfactory to lovers of racing for its own sake, as there was a certain amount of satisfaction in seeing a strong thoroughbred gallop away from his weedy opponents at racing pace through deep mud; and in many respects animals of such capabilities are of the type best suited to improve the breed of horses in this country. Yet in handicaps the disinterested spectator of racing had less cause for satisfaction, as the heavy weights placed on the better horses told far more upon them on deep than on light ground; therefore, the ratio of the handicappers' imposts increased, as we may say, with the rain. Almost every winner of an important race during the late season sustained one or more defeats through the above-mentioned cause. The winners of the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger were all beaten on different occasions, the only important winner who was not beaten being the Duke of Westminster's two-year-old colt Bend Or. During the greater part of the season Wheel of Fortune was regarded as almost more than

mortal. We have already in former articles dwelt at some length on her extraordinary victories, her single defeat, and her final withdrawal from the Turf. But, although keenly alive to the merits of this wonderful mare, we are inclined to believe that the real hero of the year has been Isonomy, the four-year-old colt by Sterling out of Isola Bella. Having, last autumn, established his character as a speedy horse for a short distance by winning the Cambridgeshire, he came out this year and proved himself able to stay over courses two miles and a half in length, let the weather be what it might. Even this excellent horse received one beating. In the very first race for which he came out he was beaten a length and a half by Parole, but he was giving the latter 8 lbs. and two years, and it is probable that he was scarcely sufficiently forward in his training to do himself full justice. That something was wrong is evident, as he afterwards gave Parole 12 lbs. and beat him by a great many lengths.

Two men well known on the Turf have died during the past autumn. Few people now living can have had much to do with racing without having heard the name of Mr. Padwick. It is probable that nobody ever had more or better opportunities of seeing behind the scenes of racing life and observing both its pleasures and its sorrows than this well-known character of Turf-history. Quite as familiar a face on racecourses was that of Mr. Frail. Having begun life as a hairdresser, this successful lessee of race-meetings made his way in the world no less on the Turf than as an electioneering agent, and he became mayor of his town before he died. If the experiences of Mr. Padwick and Mr. Frail were published, we fancy that they might form a couple of entertaining and instructive volumes.

The past season has been the first during which the Duke of Westminster has met with any success at all worthy of the name; and, after sparing neither expense nor trouble, he seems at last to have possessed himself of several two-year-olds of exceptional merit. Lord Bradford, after many years of indifferent success, has lately won several races of importance, including the Cesarewitch. It ought to be a matter of unqualified satisfaction among racing men that three such men as the Duke of Westminster, Lord Bradford, and Lord Falmouth—men who take no interest in betting—should be among the prominent patrons of the Turf. For the welfare and reputation of racing the character of its supporters is far more important than even the quality of the horses.

But there is still some racing to be noticed before we take leave of the subject for the year 1879. For the Liverpool St. Leger Robbie Burns and Discord started equal favourites. The former, who had won races at Stockton and York, had been at one time a popular outsider for the St. Leger, and the latter had started first favourite for the Two Thousand, and had won five races in the course of the season. The two favourites lay fourth and fifth during the early part of the race, but they gradually drew to the front, and in the straight they were in close company with Adventure, who had been making the running. Below the distance Adventure was beaten. Robbie Burns was now leading, and Discord, with Archer on his back, was quickly catching him. It was a fine race, but Robbie Burns was not quite caught when the winning-post was passed. Two well-known old stagers, Woodquest and Cradle, ran for the Croxeth Cup. It was a capital race. Woodquest was in front; but again Archer, on the second horse, was rushing up as the winning-post was approached. It seemed as if he was again destined to fail to catch the leader. Then it looked like being a dead heat; but Archer just managed to get Cradle's head in front as the judge's box was passed. Eleven horses came out for the Liverpool Cup. The first favourite was Peter, who had been at one time a tremendous favourite for the Derby. As a two-year-old he had won the Middle Park Plate. This year he had been disqualified for the Derby, but he won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood under a heavy weight, beating twenty-nine opponents. Westbourne had been second in the Cesarewitch, and the public seem to be persuaded that this good-looking horse is to win a great handicap, for he generally starts a fair favourite, and on this occasion he was the most fancied competitor after Peter. Rylstone, who is renowned as a stayer, had beaten Jannette at Doncaster, and had won several good races at other periods of her career. Sunburn had made most of the running in the Cambridgeshire, and finished fourth. Master Kildare had won the Alexandra Plate at Doncaster, and had on several occasions shown good form, although, taking his career as a whole, he had certainly failed to fulfil the expectations of his admirers. Lartington had won the Manchester Cup. It would be waste of time to go into the details of the handicapping; but it will be observed that the field was a very fair one for a race of comparatively secondary importance. There were several false starts, and when the field did get off, it had not proceeded very far when Quits made the running as hard as he could lay legs to the ground; indeed he went so fast that he was completely exhausted a quarter of a mile from home, and he finally came in last. Peter was beaten before the distance was reached, and Master Kildare held the lead as they were running in. Westbourne could not get "through his horses," to use a common racing phrase; but Rylstone made a grand rush opposite the stand, and there was a beautiful race. Archer succeeded in keeping Master Kildare in front just long enough, and he won the race by half a length.

The last important race of the year was the Great Shropshire Handicap. Last year it had been won by Avontes, and this horse was made one of the favourites on the late occasion. He is a very powerful horse, and can run very fast for a short distance.



This season he had won the Stockbridge Cup, beating Silvio, Lollypop, Placida, and Kaleidoscope. Sun of York had run badly this year; but he had won the Prince of Wales's Nursery Stakes at Doncaster last season after a fine race with Sunburn, Breadfinder being third. As Breadfinder was now to give him 23 lbs., he seemed favourably handicapped, and it is said that 3,000*l.* to 1,000*l.* was taken about him in one bet. Bute has been a disappointing horse; but it was thought that, if in the humour, he could win the race. Nobody thought anything of the chance of a mare called Rosy Cross, who jumped off with the lead and slipped away from the other horses the moment the flag fell. Coming along at her best pace, Rosy Cross made the running; but as they drew near to the stand Avontes began to make up his ground; yet he never could catch Rosy Cross, who won in a canter by four lengths. This mare had scarcely been backed at all; but her nominal price was 50 to 1. There had been a great many surprises during the past racing season; but this eclipsed them all. Altogether backers of horses must, we should think, have passed a most unpleasant year: and, if the rain ceased during the latter part of the racing season, their ill luck faithfully accompanied them to the end.

## REVIEWS.

### ST. JOHN'S LIFE OF SIR JAMES BROOKE.\*

THE story of such a life as that of Sir James Brooke can be told satisfactorily only by one who has intimately known the subject of his memoir, and has shared his work. Both these conditions are fulfilled by Mr. St. John, and for this reason alone his book stands on a very different footing from the somewhat diffuse biography by Miss Jacob. Long illness and the wear and tear of active service within the tropics have thus far delayed the appearance of the book which Sir James Brooke wished him to write; and the narrative at length published fills little more than three hundred and fifty pages. If Mr. St. John's readers should at first be tempted to regret that the extracts from Sir James Brooke's letters are few and short, further thought will probably convince them that he has adopted the best method of dealing with his subject. His purpose has been only to give a general idea of Brooke's life; and his task has been rendered sufficiently arduous by many of the topics with which he has had to deal.

In its steady resolution and fearless enterprise the career of the Rajah of Sarawak carries us back to the great explorers of the sixteenth century. In its clearly laid plans, in the purity of the motives by which it was shaped, in the beneficence of the ends to which it was directed, it has a glory especially its own. The work which he set before himself at the outset was a great one; and although that work was, even within his own lifetime, carried out with a success almost equal to his wishes, there had been times in which it seemed destined to end in utter failure. With many qualities which might have disposed him to rest contented with the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of men of independent fortune, he braced himself from the first to a life of self-sacrifice for the express purpose of promoting the welfare of degraded or lawless tribes. His thoughts ranged over a vast region in which he felt sure that law and order might hereafter do much, and he resolved to be a pioneer in the work, frankly acknowledging that he chose the task because he liked it and enjoyed it, yet never professing to disdain or to undervalue any credit which he might obtain by it. He saw that the great evils which for the most part made that vast region a desert, and plunged it from time to time in abject misery, were the systematic tyranny and oppression of chiefs subordinate only in name to rulers as worthless as they were weak, and, above all, the organized piracy which, as in the early days of the Greek world described by Thucydides, was the boast and the glory of all who were engaged in it. With a determined will, but not, perhaps, always with the soundest judgment, he grappled with these gigantic evils; and as his reward, he acquired amongst a large party of his countrymen the reputation of one who wished to aggravate them. In spite of severe and frequent discouragements, he persevered in his task of protecting the weak from the attacks of merciless enemies; and he was charged with treating as pirates men who were engaged only in tribal warfare. In striving to carry on this great work he reduced himself to poverty; and he was supposed to have stooped to the most unworthy means to satisfy his greed of gain. He was deeply, even feverishly, anxious that his own authority should be based on that of his country; and they who would not, or could not, understand his position supposed that he wished to break loose from all restraints. He wished least of all to be an independent ruler; and it seemed impossible to convince English statesmen that it was worth their while to accept the offers which he repeatedly and persistently made to them for the inclusion of his territory within the limits of the British Empire.

Undoubtedly Sir James Brooke had his faults, and Mr. St. John makes no attempt to hide them. He had been at school, but he had never learnt much there, and practically he was a self-educated man. Few probably have in after years more steadily and wisely

made up for the deficiencies of their youth. He stored his mind with the best treasures of English literature; but the early lack of discipline had fostered a certain impetuosity of judgment, which made him sometimes impatient of contradiction and opposition. In business matters he was far from showing any marked ability, and often made serious mistakes. But, whether as a man of business, as a leader, a statesman, or a judge, his chief faults lay in over-sensitiveness and in an excess of humanity, which sometimes withheld him from acting with sufficient firmness when severity was indispensably necessary. It might be said, almost with strict truth, that when he undertook the government of Sarawak the revenue of the country consisted of a few bushels of rice, the deficiency of receipts against outlay being supplied from his own resources. Taking on trust the reports of his treasurers, he seldom or never knew how he stood; and so careless were his agents that on one occasion a bill of 1,000*l.* drawn by him was put to his debit. Mr. St. John adds:—

In the course of a Chancery suit it became necessary to give detailed explanations of what had been the expenditure and revenue of Sarawak before 1843. Mr. Brooke naturally employed his treasurer to get up the figures, but the Court of Chancery sent back the document; it was so confused that no one could understand it. One of the chief officers, Mr. Crookshank, could have mastered the figures, but he was otherwise engaged; so, later on, Mr. Brooke, in despair, asked me to undertake it. Never was there such confusion seen. The poor treasurer could give no explanations. Dollars valued at 4*s.* 2*d.* and reals worth 3*s.* were treated as equivalent coins, and added together. It required weeks to unravel all these mysteries, and in the end it was possible to arrive at only an approximate result. Thus Mr. Brooke never really knew what was the true state of his affairs. What he did know was, that every now and then he was informed that there was a balance against him, and he drew bills on his private fortune, until it began gradually to vanish to nothing.

This fortune in 1835 on the death of his father was 30,000*l.*, and he had further a pension of 70*l.* a year for a severe wound received in the Burmese war of 1825. Thus well furnished with worldly goods, he purchased the *Royalist*, a vessel of 142 tons burden, and set out on his great adventure, with very vague ideas as to his destination, but with the assurance that there was good work to be done among the islands which stud the Java and Chinese seas. On reaching Singapore, he was asked to be the bearer of some presents to the Rajah Muda Hassim, of Sarawak, on the northern coast of Borneo. This chief, the Viceroy and uncle of the Sultan of Brunei proper, who had his capital at Brunei, about three hundred miles to the north-east of Sarawak, had shown kindness to some shipwrecked seamen. His good deed brought him a recompense which he could not have looked for. His influence was crippled by a civil war caused by the frightful tyranny of the subordinate chiefs; and he felt that without powerful aid his condition was desperate. The Englishman, whose little yacht was anchored in the waters of Kuching, the town of Sarawak, became his deliverer, and succeeded to the rule of the country, which he had found in absolute anarchy and the utmost extremity of misery. The population consisted chiefly of Malays, Dyaks, and some Chinese. The Dyaks were divided into two distinct sections, as land and sea tribes, the former for the most part peaceful and timid, while of the latter, a far more powerful and energetic body, some were content with the results of honest labour, the majority applying themselves with greater zest and perseverance to the more profitable as well as more honourable trade of piracy. Brooke's first visit gave him no more than some general ideas of the country; but in August 1840, he visited it again, to share or to direct its fortunes. Mr. St. John regards this visit as "not only one of the most important events, but one of the most romantic even in his romantic career." No man could have been actuated by purer motives; but it was not wonderful that the pleadings of the Rajah Muda Hassim should have left some wrong impressions on his mind. In the eyes of the Rajah the rebels were simply miscreants to be put down; in reality they had been driven into rebellion by the iniquities of Makota, the previous Governor of Sarawak, a monster of cunning and cruelty, who remained for many years to counteract and sometimes to foil the efforts of the chivalrous Englishman, who was now induced to espouse the cause of Muda Hassim as the cause of legitimate authority and order. All that he could do was to direct the native forces. His own followers, says Mr. St. John, were a coloured interpreter from Malacca, a servant who could neither read nor write, a shipwrecked Irishman—brave as a lion, but otherwise of little or no use—and a doctor whose chief merit lay in his being a first-rate companion, but who never got up so much interest in the country as to learn a word of the language. The operations which followed must have been indescribably wearisome. The two sides seemed to prefer talking after the fashion of Achæans and Trojans in the *Iliad*. "We are coming, we are coming," exclaimed the rebels; "lay aside your muskets and fight us with swords." "Come on," was the reply; "we are building a stockade, and want to fight you." So things went on. A shower would damp the zeal of the combatants, and their shot would go over the tops of the trees. But at last Brooke decided the issue by a charge at the head of his few Europeans. After a victory, the first thought of Asiatic rulers is for revenge. The insurgent chiefs had surrendered at discretion. Brooke insisted that they should be pardoned, and, when the Rajah Muda refused, he said that, having taken part in the war only because he was convinced that the rebels would be treated with mercy, he must at once leave him to his own devices. He looked upon them, it is true, as guilty. Had he known, adds Mr. St. John, the oppression of the people before they rose in arms, he ought rather to have insisted that Makota's life should pay the penalty

\* *The Life of Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, from his Personal Papers and Correspondence.* By Spencer St. John, F.R.G.S., formerly Secretary to the Rajah, late H.M. Consul-General in Borneo, &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1879.

of his evil deeds. In requital of his aid Muda Hassim had promised him the government of Sarawak; and Brooke now found that he had an active enemy in Makota. With the Englishman in power, his own days of license would be ended. His intrigues delayed the settlement, but at length the Sultan of Brunei set his seal to the agreement, and in September 1841 Brooke became Governor, with full powers. For the present he was no gainer by the transaction. He had sent from Singapore two vessels with assorted cargoes, in exchange for which Muda Hassim undertook to refill them with antimony ore. But the ore was not forthcoming, and Muda Hassim forgot to pay for the cargoes.

Brooke, who had been spending an interval of leisure in writing an answer to Tract XC., now found himself obliged to face the more serious task of dealing with the Dyak pirates. Some of the tribes promised at his summons to restrict themselves to honest trading; but they added that, unless all were made to give the same pledge, they could not prevent the squadrons of other tribes from leaving the rivers. Happily, Brooke was supported, at least for a time, by the British Government; and the destruction of Maludu, in 1845, by Sir Thomas Cochrane dealt a most severe blow to piracy on the northern coast of Borneo. No stronghold, we are told, was again formed, and the good done was permanent. During the year 1847 Brooke was in England, where he found himself surrounded "by a crowd of enthusiastic admirers, and treated with friendly consideration by the Ministers"; and, on his return, Mr. St. John accompanied him to share his work at Sarawak. The most important part of this work was the suppression of piracy, which had now become an insupportable burden on the peaceable inhabitants. Ten years ago Makota, the Governor of Sarawak, had let loose piratical hordes on villages where his horrible cruelties had provoked a vain resistance; and his victims, speaking to Brooke, contrasted their present misery with their former happiness:—

Our children were collected; we had rice in plenty and numerous fruit trees; we could afford to give what was demanded of us, and yet live happily. Now we have nothing left. The Sadong people and the Sakarang Dyaks attacked us: they burned our houses, destroyed our property, cut down our fruit trees, killed many of our people, and led away our wives and young children into slavery. We could build other houses; we could plant fruit trees and cultivate them; but where could we find wives? Can we forget our young children?

Hundreds of the women and children thus torn from their homes were restored to their families by Brooke's intervention; and the people learned to bless him as a heaven-sent benefactor. In his efforts to put down the pirates he was vigorously aided by his friend Captain Keppel of the *Dido*. As both have been charged with attacking them without obtaining the sanction of the legitimate authorities, Mr. St. John gives the text of two letters in which the Rajah Muda Hassim invokes their aid against these marauders, "who seize goods and murder people on the high seas," and adds that "our friend would be rendering us a great service if he would adopt measures that would put an end to these piratical outrages." But, although they were severely chastised by Captain Keppel, the effect was transient. The pirates remained convinced that the English were only birds of passage, and that if they could hold out a little longer they would have the coast clear of these troublesome strangers. But for some years the improvement was marked. "The pirate fleets disappeared from the coast, traders were unmolested, and fishermen could pursue their calling in security."

In 1847, Brooke's absence in England gave the pirates the opportunity for which they had been waiting, and the old plague broke out afresh. Mr. St. John, who in 1849 made a list of the towns attacked, the villages burnt, and of large trading vessels taken during the two previous years, speaks of the total amount of property and life destroyed as appalling. Writing to Sir James Brooke, the Sultan expresses the distress which he felt at the doings of the pirates, who "continually sweep with destruction the coast of Borneo, pirating on the sea, plundering property, and taking the heads of men." "These," he adds, "are the reasons for which we send this information to our friend, so that, if possible, he may check the doings of these Dyaks, and render it safe for our subjects seeking their livelihood at sea." It would be impossible to disprove by clearer evidence the theory of Mr. Gladstone, that Sir James Brooke interfered unjustifiably in a strictly intertribal war. If these pirates were to be suffered to go on unchecked, the conditions of life must speedily become insupportable. Brooke determined that they should not be so suffered, and the result was the battle of Batang Marau, in which, certainly, as Mr. St. John puts it, "a fearful retribution fell upon the marauders for all their massacring, their plunder, their cruelty, their bloodthirstiness." That the punishment was both fully deserved and absolutely necessary, the whole evidence proves beyond possibility of doubt; and, when this point is proved, there is nothing further to justify in the career of Sir James Brooke. If he felt as a deadly wound the issuing of the Commission which was to examine into his conduct and policy, his impatience will be pardoned even by those who did not know him, and who cannot make the allowances which would be made by personal friends for a nature rendered doubly sensitive by the singleness and uprightness of the motives by which it was actuated. If in urging his proposals for recognition by the British Government, or for the direct subjection of Sarawak to the British Crown, his language was somewhat indiscreet in its plainness and its vehemence, it will be felt more and more, as time runs

on, that the controversies in which he thus found himself involved affect neither the greatness of his character nor the loftiness of his purpose. This purpose he kept before himself consistently and unflinchingly to the end; and the dangers and disasters which he underwent were such as might well have daunted men whose courage is beyond question. These disasters came in one instance from a very unexpected quarter. The Chinese rebellion, which involved a deplorable loss of life and the destruction of his choice and beautiful library, was the last storm which threatened the complete ending of his work. More than sixteen years have passed since Sir James Brooke left Sarawak for the last time; and the condition of the country, as described in the Consular reports laid before Parliament last year, decisively attests the soundness of his judgment and the efficiency of his measures. Sarawak prospers, while Brunei is hurrying to ruin. More particularly we are told that "what little piracy exists on the western coasts of Borneo is not to be found within the dominion or seaboard of Sarawak." Mr. St. John may well express his conviction "that the seed he so wisely sowed is bearing wholesome food"; and we may add that he has related with admirable simplicity, clearness, and vigour, the story of a life on which Englishmen of future generations will dwell with unalloyed satisfaction and justifiable pride.

#### SEBASTIAN STROME.\*

THOUGH we have always had to find not a little fault with Mr. Julian Hawthorne as he brought out his stories one after the other, yet, on the whole, there happily was in his writings far more that we found to praise than to blame. If as a writer he fell very far short of his famous father, on the other hand he certainly rose not a little above the common herd of novelists. In *Sebastian Strome* he has, we regret to say, come down almost to the lowest level. In fact, by his affectation of originality and his straining after singularity, he has succeeded in producing a monstrosity to which a duller writer could scarcely have given birth. Not that this story is not dull enough to deserve to be the work of the most tedious of novelists. But with this dullness are mixed a pretentiousness and an extravagance that go far towards rendering the book one of the worst we have ever read. Mr. Hawthorne would do better if he could manage to get over his fear of being accounted humdrum. He certainly keeps so far out of the common run that most of his men and women are utterly unlike people who have ever lived, or can ever live, on the face of the earth. But then they are unlike themselves. There is no consistency in them, except in so far as they are always unnatural and absurd. They perform the most ridiculous actions and go through the most impossible scenes with an air of importance that would well befitt the actors of a strolling theatre, while the manager of the troop throughout the whole performance wears the most provoking air of complete satisfaction. Mr. Hawthorne, to judge from the present story, would really do well to give up novel-writing for a season, and to turn his whole mind towards the recovery of common sense. Let him attend markets and ordinaries, seek the company of churchwardens and aldermen, and steadily read the *Mark Lane Express* and the *Shipping Gazette*. Let him listen to long sermons and the addresses of teetotallers. Let him buy up all the volumes of reports issued by the Society for the Promotion of Social Science. Let him prepare to pass an examination in Alison's *History of Europe*. After a year or so of such wholesome living he might take up his pen again and try his hand at an article for the *Nineteenth Century*. He would choose, of course, what is called a topic of the day, and would treat it with all the dull gravity that topics of the day usually demand. He would in time be fit to begin novel-writing once more, though we hope that after such a severe training as we have thus put him through, he would be utterly incapable of writing a second *Sebastian Strome*.

So full is this story of extravagant scenes that, though we are fresh from reading it, we are able to bring before ourselves but a most indistinct idea of the plot. Where nothing is clear, it is wise in attempting a description to do one's best to lay hold of one character, and to follow his or her fortunes as well as we can. But then in the present case we are puzzled with which of the two we ought to begin—the hero or the heroine. They are equally prominent, and equally absurd, and, we may add, they will equally by their actions disgust every reader who has any claim to good taste or common sense. We will give the preference to the lady, the more so as we find that we have taken somewhat fuller notes of her various accomplishments. Mary Dene was the only child of the late Sir Hubert Dene, Baronet. He had left her his entire personal and landed property without reserve, and she thereby became the richest heiress in the county. She was a wonderful young lady. She could rotate (*sic*) the crops of a field. She could discourse such sense to workmen digging a well, or building a wall, as to make their ears tingle. She had cut down with an axe a prize bull that had attacked her. Nothing could frighten her; but nevertheless she was a firm believer in apparitions. Her features were of the antique Roman type. She had a grand Junonian contour of face and figure. Her

\* *Sebastian Strome*. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne, Author of "Garth," "Archibald Malmesbury," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1879.



arms, as she stepped out boldly, hung at her side like Juno's in the Greek statue. She is, in another passage, described as being a young Juno. There was at times a lovely softness in her great Junonian eyes. On one occasion, in her beautiful new dress and in her suppressed anger she looked like a smouldering Juno. Once we find her languid, softened, superb. But in whatever mood she might be her countenance always retained its superb balance of lines and proportions. The afternoon sunshine made a red-gold halo round her head. Her hair was auburn, with bright, crinkled roughness. It was red-gold in colour. She had severe auburn brows, under which her eyes appeared black, and absorbed rather than emitted light. The painter saw the ideal of Titian in her complexion and hair. There was something gallant and imperial in her movements, and in the lofty carriage of her chin. The carriage of the chin, by the way, has scarcely been rivalled since the liberal-conceited carriages of Hamlet's time. Yet, imperial though her movements generally were, she once at least twisted herself round serpent-like to look in her lover's face, and once she moved with a swift, sinuous movement to get between him and the door.

The hero, remarkable though he certainly was, was scarcely worthy of this young Juno with her fifteen or twenty thousand a year. He was a man of whom one who knew him well was heard to say that he could make himself Archbishop of Canterbury if he chose. His father, indeed, might have become a bishop had he wished, but he liked better to remain a parish priest. The son's qualifications, so far as we can judge, fitted him for nothing else than to be the hero of a very foolish novel. He had, however, done well at Rugby and at Oxford. Mr. Hawthorne shows his familiarity with that University by calling Moderations "the (sic) Mods." If a writer chooses to affect slang he should at least take care to be correct. Young Oxford men who have to reserve all their spare breath for their athletic sports, and who thus clip every word that has to do with their studies, talk, as we can assure Mr. Hawthorne, not of *the Mods*, but of *Mods*. Such ignorance as this many of his University readers will look upon as almost inexcusable. They will much more willingly forgive him for his blunder when he makes those who are examined in "the Mods" placed in each class in order of merit. But to return to the hero. His person, though not up to the heroine's, was still peculiar enough. His face could boast of a remarkable unevenness of modelling, which gave his features a singularly vivid stamp of life. He had a peculiar duality of aspect. His left eye looked almost black in comparison with the right one. The right eye, moreover, had a slight cast in it, and this cast enhanced, we are told, in no small measure his peculiar duality of aspect. On one occasion, when he was quarrelling with another character as to which of the two had the better right to murder the villain of the story, "the unevenness of his visage was exaggerated, and the divergence in his eyes increased." We really like these phrases of Mr. Hawthorne's. They throw a kind of picturesque veil over personal deformities. We shall no longer say of a man that he squints, but that he has a duality of aspect. If his squint grows worse, we shall merely remark that the divergence in his eyes has increased. The hero's father had his eyes, for all we are told, much the same as other folks. But yet once the author in writing about him startles us by suddenly asking, "Was the whole man ocular?" We could see that he was not using "ocular" in the sense which it has hitherto borne. But as he is twisting round the word to some hidden meaning of his own, we can hardly help considering for the moment whether the venerable parson might not have had more than a duality of aspect, and more than a divergence in his eyes, for it was about his whole man that the question was asked. A careful study of the passage showed us that Mr. Hawthorne was not at all on the present occasion thinking of squinting. When he calls a man's whole man ocular he merely means that he is "absorbent at all points of beauty, as the earth of rain and sunshine." If the reader fails to understand the explanation, it will be, we hope, some consolation that we fail equally with him. If a man can absorb beauty at all points we really cannot see the force of the reproach in *Coriolanus* where the first citizen is called by Menenius the great-toe. "Is not my whole man ocular?" the citizen might have fairly replied, "Cannot the great-toe, among all the other points, absorb beauty?"

Such digressions as these, for which Mr. Hawthorne ought justly to take the blame, lead us far from our hero, and still further from our heroine, with whom we began our description of the story. When we are first introduced to them, they were engaged to each other. But the reader quickly sees that matters were not going to run on smoothly. The omens were against the young people. The heroine, thinking of all the happiness that awaited her, stood one evening by the mystic disk of a sun-dial. "Suddenly she started with a low shriek of horror! A bat had brushed her face with its noiseless wings." There are later on more terrible omens even than this. Her other lover—for she had two—when he seized her hands to kiss them, let an ivory-handled whip slip to the floor. "He set his heel upon the carved head, and crushed it. Neither of them noticed the accident." At a christening, moreover, the baby did not cry when the water touched her. Good behaviour, as her godmother observed, was a sign of misfortune. The baby, as was only natural, was killed within less than an hour of the ceremony. There are dreams, too, which, unlike all the dreams we ever have, come true. The warning given by the bat was only too well warranted. The hero is found to have misled a young woman of the neighbourhood. The villain, who

is the rival lover, plots to get the girl down to the village where the heroine was living. She walks part of the way, and is nearly run over by a train. She is saved by the old parson, who had had a vision in his sleep, and had therefore gone out to meet her. He dies of the hurt he receives; she gives birth to a child that same night, and dies also. The hero turns penitent, and goes to the heroine to break off the match. She at once engages herself to the villain, and soon afterwards marries him. The hero takes the baby and settles in Whitechapel. The girl's first lover, the villain's man-servant, turns desperate, and becomes a thief. Pursued by the police, he by chance takes refuge in the hero's room. The two men turn penitent, and attend a missionary service. The vulgarity of the story is here heightened, or relieved, according to the reader's taste, by a full report of the sermon they hear. The preacher was also a penitent. He and the hero had both belonged to a club of gamblers, which is described with a minuteness which would be almost too much, we hope, even for the readers of a "Society Journal." The heroine happened to be also present. The baby is christened, and she offers herself as one of the godmothers. It is on its way home that the baby is killed by the villain, who had drunk too much wine, and was recklessly galloping along the streets. The penitent servant tries to seize him, but only succeeds in tearing out of his secret pocket a mysterious document in cipher. He takes it to the hero, who, it so happened, was the only other man in the world who could read the cipher. He found a long list of all the villain's villainies. He and the penitent servant had at first thought of murdering the villain; but they once more turned penitent. The hero will not even use the document to expose his enemy. He goes to his house to warn him of his danger. He finds him dead, and the heroine mad. It was suspected by some that she had murdered her husband. She at once, with the dead body lying in the next room, makes love to her old lover, but he is by this time not only thoroughly penitent, but also half suspicious that she is a murderess. He gives up his lodgings in Whitechapel, and is forthwith appointed to "a not undesirable diplomatic post." His new duties take him to the Crimea. He is wounded in the trenches, and is saved by the penitent thief, who had also managed to get from Whitechapel to the seat of war. He is visited by the chaplain, who turns out to be his old penitent friend of the club. From him he learns that the heroine had not murdered the villain, who had, in fact, died in a fit. He hurries back to England, and finds her also very penitent. Of her fifteen or twenty thousand a year, only two or three hundred pounds are left. However, any deficiency of fortune is made up by an abundance of penitence in all the characters who have managed to survive. Everything ends happily at last. The hero gets his wife, and even the penitent thief is to receive a medal. We hope that the author will now take his turn at penitence with the rest, and never again bring out so monstrous and so foolish a tale.

#### CYPRUS IN 1879.\*

SIR SAMUEL BAKER perpetually reminds his readers, as he had to remind the Cypriotes, that, illustrious personage as he is—a Pasha of the Ottoman Empire, a Knight, and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society—he was visiting Cyprus in no official capacity. The Cypriotes naturally did not believe his modest disclaimers, indubitably true though they were. There are some persons who carry in their deportment an air of authority; and Sir Samuel Baker is fortunate enough to be one of them. As he describes himself sweeping out a monastery, we recognize Hercules cleansing the Augean stable. When he goes forth shooting, and bags one red-legged partridge, the hills of Cyprus seem to shrink in his pages, abashed at having brought the hunter of elephants and the rhinoceros out from England on false pretences.

It is a little unlucky that Lord Salisbury had not consulted Sir Samuel Baker before appropriating the island. He might have learnt in that case something to his advantage. But Sir Samuel bears no malice, and is willing to do what he can towards showing the Government the way out of a dilemma. His general verdict is not very favourable. The island is in a very bad state now, and the terms on which Great Britain has become tenant of it restrain her from improving it materially. British capital is not likely to migrate to a region in which an investment made under English protection might possibly find itself transferred to the doubtful mercies of Turkish administration. The British Government itself cannot reform the manifold abuses which have overlain the entire country. Reforms require money. The British Treasury cannot be expected to supply it; and about 100,000*l.*, the whole surplus of the Cyprus revenue after defraying the bare expenses of police, goes to Constantinople. The essential wants of the island are wood and irrigation. Such timber as survives constant and wasteful pillage by the inhabitants is being devastated day by day, in spite of British ordinances to the contrary. The felling of any trees, even in a private garden, is prohibited; but no foresters are appointed to see that the edict is obeyed. A consequence is that owners of suburban gardens are fined for thinning out a caroub tree in their grounds, while the peasants roam about the hills, destroying

\* Cyprus as I saw it in 1879. By Sir Samuel Baker. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

a patriarch of the woodland for the sake of a post for a cottage or a cattle-trough. New plantations ought to be made. But plantations cost money, and no money is to be had. The ancient woods of Cyprus ought nevertheless to be restored—the majestic ilex, now represented only by dense bushes, the cypresses, the chittim of Solomon's Temple, for which the island was once famed, the olive gardens, for which it would be requisite only to graft the wild trees found everywhere, the caroub groves which yield the locust bean used in making Thorley's Food for Cattle, the plum, and the pine. Trees would collect the moisture, and hinder the sun of June, July, and August, from converting the bare rocks into a furnace. Sir Samuel, however, warns his countrymen against supposing that even the wholesale plantations he recommends, much less the eucalyptus shrubs in pots which zealous officials tend, will bring back the fertility which made Cyprus under Assyrian, Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek, and even crusading rulers, a proverb for beauty and riches. He is convinced that the sun must always have burnt up corn and fruit in Cyprus if artificial irrigation had not counteracted its effects. Woods might have rendered the climate more enjoyable, but they could not have saved the crops from being parched. Throughout the island he was always coming on traces of carefully garnered springs which the Turks neglected, and which British administrators have no means to restore to their proper uses. Where there is water the land becomes a paradise. The rain is too fitful to keep the soil duly moist; it is plentiful enough to feed abundant fountains, but it is let run to waste, to break up paths instead of fertilizing fields. He praises cordially the devotion and energy of the English officers, from Sir Garnet Wolseley and General Biddulph to the youngest subaltern. At the same time he intimates a certain scepticism as to the ability of any soldiers, however capable, to perform the very complicated functions—judicial, police, financial, engineering, and agricultural—committed to them.

Sir Samuel Baker very early formed his opinion of what the island wants in order to make it a strong and remunerative British station. His views, however, of its natural advantages seem to have widened with experience. He passed there a winter, spring, and summer, and, beginning with disgust, finished with falling in love. He approached Cyprus from the south, and declares that the first impression was "depressing, and extinguished all hopes that had been formed concerning our newly acquired possession." Larnaca has a good roadstead and safe anchorage, but, "until some protection shall be afforded which will enable boats to land in all weathers, Larnaca can never be accepted as a port." The neighbourhood of the town is a swamp, and hard by "the troops were encamped in the tremendous heat of July upon pestiferous soil." Sir Samuel Baker discovered little of local interest at Larnaca. He cared neither for the tomb of Lazarus, nor for an ancient burial-ground which the Cypriotes had "burrowed into thousands of holes in search of hidden treasures." He had no little difficulty in getting into Larnaca, and he was very glad to make his way out. Besides Lady Baker and himself, his party comprised his Abyssinian boy, Amarn, a Greek cook, Christo, and a Greek from Asia Minor, Georgi. He finally had to take to camels, but his original travelling apparatus consisted of a couple of vans. The more important of the two was an adapted gipsy van, fitted to serve as a sleeping and dining apartment. They would have answered admirably if Cyprus had roads. Unfortunately, with the exception of one highway metalled with "huge rounded blocks bigger than a man's head," from Larnaca to the capital Nicosia, roads are among the European luxuries which Cyprus does not possess, whether in the country or in the towns. In the towns the houses are always very low, and have innumerable wooden spouts projecting about six feet beyond the eaves. Through these the vans had to tear their way. On arriving at the principal hotel the gipsy waggon had the appearance of "a ship that had been in bad weather, and in collision with a few steamers." The discouragement produced by such minor accidents and the dejected aspect of Larnaca was not dispelled by the brown, melancholy, heatherless, and gameless plain of Messaria. The dead level was but little relieved by "the ruins of an ancient city, over which the plough had triumphed." More to the traveller's mind was "The Dewdrop Inn," which supplied "a bottle of Bass's pale ale, most refreshing in this horrible-looking desert of chalk and thistles." Neither beauty, nor fertility, nor antique treasures rewarded their toils. Beauty there is none in the monotonous dead level. There is none in the chaste but "exceedingly plain women" of this favourite isle of Venus. The one exception was Georgi's wife, whom they saw at Dali, a girl with "large blue eyes and perfect Grecian features."

Lefkosia, or, as it is more popularly called, Nicosia, was the goal of this first expedition. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker had been invited to stay with Sir Garnet and Lady Wolseley at the newly erected Government House, a mile and a half outside the city. Sir Samuel commends the position of the High Commissioner's residence; but he finds little to praise in Lefkosia, except "the grand old Venetian Cathedral, St. Sophia." The town is not well situated for defence, being commanded from the neighbouring heights. It is, moreover, "completely out of the commercial route." Lastly, it "offers no climatic advantage." The old lords of the island chose it for its central position; but "it is, simply because it was." Limasol, Sir Samuel Baker is persuaded, should be the British commercial capital. He believes the port might be greatly improved. The vicinity is healthy and well wooded. Even the scenery is more pleasing than that of the dull Messaria, in which Lefkosia is situated. The Limasol population

is intelligent and active, and the chief exports, such as wine and tobacco, are produced within the district. Kyrenia, though not capable of development to rival Limasol, is another town which attracted Sir Samuel a good deal more than Lefkosia. A small outlay would, he thinks, restore the ancient mole, the quarries supplying abundance of sedimentary limestone. The wooded hills near at hand are exceedingly picturesque, and ought from their appearance to be healthy. A regiment, however, which was quartered there on a site than which "there could not have been a better for a military camp," on a gentle slope sheltered by caroub trees, was struck down by disease. Though the deaths were only four, the men were so "demoralized" that they had to be withdrawn, "completely fever-smitten." The season was an unlucky one for the first of the British occupation, having been exceptionally unhealthy for natives as well as foreigners. It is, remarks Sir Samuel Baker, "painfully clear that when the rainfall is sufficiently plentiful to produce abundant harvests it at the same time ensures a crop of fevers." Fever is the difficulty of Famagousta, as well as of Kyrenia. But Sir Samuel Baker is of opinion that, by embanking the river Pedias and conducting it into the sea by an artificial channel, together with proper drainage works, its cause, the marshes, might be there abolished. In some way or other Famagousta, he insists, must be made habitable by Englishmen. Its orchards and gardens are the finest in the island. Though its staple product, madder, which made the rich bottoms round the city worth 90*l.* an acre, has, with the Turkey red which came from it, been superseded by the chemical alizarine, the soil is still valuable for ordinary crops. The harbour, however, is what gives Famagousta its supreme importance. A moderate expenditure might convert it into "an impregnable coaling depot and arsenal, completing the links of the chain of fortresses which are the guardians of the Mediterranean." "As a strategical point," adds Sir Samuel Baker, "Cyprus must be represented by Famagousta, without which it would be useless for the ostensible purposes of its occupation. . . . With it Cyprus is the key of a great position; without it the affair is a dead-lock."

Very properly Sir Samuel Baker attaches predominant importance to the question how to turn Cyprus to account for the linking of England with Egypt and Asia Minor. Rightly or wrongly, the island was taken over from the Porte for that purpose. If it cannot be utilized in that manner, valuable as it may otherwise become, the appropriation was a failure. But, besides its possible merit as a coaling station, Cyprus is an island which in other hands and other ages has been of the most extraordinary fertility. Sir Samuel Baker bestowed much pains on investigating what natural advantages it still enjoys, and how they can be put to use. He would drain the land. He would irrigate it by means of such water-wheels as are employed everywhere in the Egyptian Delta. He would plant forests. He would graft the wild olive and caroub trees. He would fill the land with orchards which might supply a never-failing market in Egypt. He would set a watch over the prodigal waste of wood. In accomplishing these grand reforms he understands that he has to reckon not with inanimate nature only, but with humanity. He liked the Cypriotes. It was pleasant to be met with offerings of narcissi, marigolds, and rosemary, and with burning of incense, though we suspect that the evil eye which the fumes were to neutralize was not the evil eye of Cypriotes, but of the English strangers. Pride was gratified by seeing a town ever ready to obliterate its rain pipes for the gipsy van to pass through, and whole bodies of people turning out to make roads for the same dignified vehicle to traverse. Even when the traveller's soul was inflamed within him by the spectacle of cavalades of villagers returning from the hills with the mutilated limbs of precious moisture-storing trees for sale as firewood, the smiles and salaams of the unconscious marauders disarmed his wrath. If these courteous, gentle, and affectionate people could only be a little more clean, a little more honest, and a little more energetic, they would be charming. As Lady Baker succeeded in teaching several girls to scour their teeth with wood ashes and fingers, even cleanliness need not be despised of. Cunning and want of energy were so necessary a result of Ottoman misgovernment that, with the removal of the cause, the effect may in time disappear also. Nowhere can there be found more bitter expressions of hatred and contempt for the misrule of the Turk, "insatiable in destruction, who breaks down, but never restores," than in these pages. The Turks obtained the surrender of the last Venetian garrison by promises which they shamefully violated. In the same spirit they governed ever after. Their occupation of Cyprus will be remembered by nothing but ruin and desolation, with the single brilliant exception of an aqueduct built in pursuance of the testament of a dead Pasha. In departing they carried off all they could, even to the fragments of Venetian bronze cannon, which they broke into fragments rather than relinquish.

Unfortunately, their English successors and tenants have, according to Sir Samuel Baker, accepted too many of their miserable traditions of indolent oppression. It is scarcely to be credited, but he positively declares that under British administration the infamous system still survives by which no peasant could gather a grape or an orange till the collector had been to levy the tithe on it. When children and vagrants pick the fruit, the valuer makes a fancy estimate of the original crop and charges the plundered owner for the amount of ripe plums and pears and walnuts that there ought to have been. Vine-growing in Cyprus is a staple industry. Vines do not mind the torrid heat without rain. The wine as now made, even the famous Commandaria, does not please Sir Samuel



Baker's palate; but it might, he admits, be mellowed by care, and its strength renders it suitable for blending with weaker foreign kinds. The fiscal rules almost forbid improvement. The vine-grower has to journey to Limasol to engage the attendance of the official valuer. Perhaps he cannot come at once, and Sir Samuel Baker has known one-third of the crop to be lost in consequence from shrivelling. When the official comes, he is sure to "declare the ultimate amount far above the actual crop." After this trouble is surmounted, and the grapes are pressed, and the wine jars filled, another journey must be made to Limasol to petition the Government official to measure the contents of the jars. The average quality of the wine in the district has also to be estimated in order to fix the *ad valorem* tax. Next, the grower must obtain a permit to take his produce to market. He pours it into tarry goat-skins, and jostles it over the roadless hills in the burning sun to Limasol. At Limasol his skins must be weighed; and, as hundreds are waiting their turn, there is plenty of time for the liquor to absorb the dreadful goat-skin flavour. The day following may be one of the numberless Greek Church holidays, and the merchants' stores are closed. When a lawful day arrives, and the dealer tastes the muddy, half-boiled, half-tainted liquid, it is as likely as not he pronounces it undrinkable. Such is the system accepted from the Turkish rulers by English administrators. Turkish extortion is at an end; but perhaps British red-tapeism in its scrupulosity is as costly to the miserable peasant. To Sir Samuel Baker it appears, as it must to every reasonable Englishman, that the tithe system is intolerable, with its inquisitorial incidents. The land ought to be rated *ad valorem*. The objection that in bad seasons the peasantry would suffer is an objection to all fixed rent. Sir Samuel Baker asserts that there would be no difficulty in meeting the case of an occasional dearth by exceptional relief, "according to the valuation of the local Council."

Sir Samuel Baker was too anxious to see the rights of things in Cyprus for pleasure to be a primary consideration in his tour. Yet his gipsy van was comfortable when it was not, as commonly, blockaded among gargovles, or caught "in a sort of natural eel-trap formed by an avenue of gigantic olives," or upset by a startled ox. After the Messaria was passed, Cyprus disclosed lovely forest scenery over which the gaze plunged into the azure Mediterranean. There is abundance of fruit, though all species, except perhaps the lemons, appear capable of improvement. Wine is a penny a quart bottle, though it is, we are informed, dear at the price. The island is a mine of agricultural gold, though the locusts from time to time eat everything up. It is a mine of archaeology, though, as the remains are all beneath the surface, and excavation is forbidden, the treasures are likely to remain there. There are marvellous caverns, which can be explored only at the imminent risk of breaking one's neck. Englishmen are loved and honoured, though they are set to administer laws which must soon render them detested. The partridge shooting might be good, did not the birds run, and the natives and hordes of winged freebooters kill them off before the regular sportsman has made up his mind to begin. The wild-duck shooting would be better if the pastime had not to be paid for by a fit of ague. There need be no illness in the island, though as a matter of fact there is much of it. Cyprus, in short, might become a sanitarium for consumptive Englishmen, a Covent Garden for Egypt, a legislative model for Asia Minor, a sportsman's preserve, the missing link in British coaling stations, an abode of contented Greek peasantry who would never be beguiled by the Philhellenic "Cypriote Fraternity" to turn a longing eye to Athens, if the few simple recipes were only followed which Sir Samuel has prescribed for turning the Ethiop white. Nevertheless, even as it was, Sir Samuel enjoyed pleasant moments. There were delightful picnics in halls of the Knights Templars. The summer quarters in the monastery of Troodirissa, 4,340 feet above the sea, under the shade of a huge walnut-tree, were, for Cyprus, fairly cool. In July at 7 A.M. the thermometer stood at 70°. The monks are not given to work. Their cooking, mending, washing, and room-cleaning, so far as there was any such thing, were done for them during the earlier days of Sir Samuel Baker's residence among them by a young woman, with a child of unexplained parentage, and subsequently by a sage maid-of-all-work of seventy-five. But the young monks or novices were glad to be hired by Sir Samuel Baker at a shilling a day. They, with a neighbouring goatherd's children, at threepence a head, gradually turned a manure-heap into an airy library. Even the monks and children learnt at last to wash their hands and faces. The old prior was lame from a malady which Sir Samuel Baker thought bore, for a man who lived on vegetables and a little Commandaria, the odd symptoms of gout. All day long he sat knitting stockings, with a boy by his side reading the New Testament aloud. At evening he would sometimes visit his guests with his monks, and smoke cigarettes and sip hot coffee. Then he would tell the strangers Scripture stories, which he thought new—it might be about the Garden of Eden, it might be "the history of Joseph and his brethren, which he several times recounted from beginning to end, with tears of sympathy in his eyes at Joseph's love for the youngest brother Benjamin." The monotony of monkish society was occasionally diversified by the visits of a stark naked Greek, who, if Sir Samuel Baker did not misunderstand his informant, had "for some offence twenty years ago been ordered by the priests to do penance in this extraordinary manner." Nightingales sang in the terrace gardens before sunset,

and a multitude of morning songsters occupied the giant walnut-tree. As the summer grew hotter, the birds became mute. But Sir Samuel and Lady Baker stayed on till September, he writing much and shooting a little at moufflons, the former to more effect than the latter. So far as the narrative tells of this happy hermitage, it is extremely agreeable reading. We are only sorry that the author had not left Cyprian statistics to the very competent care of Mr. Lang, and contented himself with describing an idyllic episode in a bustling life.

#### GOSSE'S NEW POEMS.\*

MR. GOSSE'S *New Poems* are, in most respects, precisely what we should have expected the author of *On Viol and Flute* to give us after time had mellowed his judgment and increased his poetical freedom. In his early volume (*King Erik* does not come into this comparison) Mr. Gosse showed much mastery of verse, and extremely fine and rare perceptions of the sort which, when highly wrought, seek their natural expression in verse. He also appeared to be not uninfluenced by certain tricks of style which were then in vogue. In his *New Poems* he has got rid of these tricks of style, which were really very harmless, but which seemed to mark him with the mark of a school or sect. He is now able to speak with a voice of his own, and there are but two or three pieces ("Verdleigh Coppice" is one of them), in which we seem to detect the echo of a contemporary's tones. While this gain of freedom is a great one, the gain of mellowness, of poetic content, appears to us to be even greater. Discontent is a mood so fashionable and so frivolous that it is a pleasure to meet with a poet who is not out of harmony with the world, whose unsatisfied self-consciousness does not make him what the Imperial stoic called "a wen upon the face of the world."

Technically speaking, Mr. Gosse's *New Poems* might be classed as idyls and lyrics; but the lyrical element preponderates. His songs, as a rule, are the expression of emotion rather than of passion. A mood of delight in beauty or of wistful pleasure in nature which surrounds us with her shifting spectacle of growth and decay, or of sympathy with the art of Greece and the life of Greece, reaches that intensity which naturally takes the shape of song. It is one great charm of these verses that they seem to come to the poet uncalled, to be the natural and necessary expression of his mood. Yet, natural as they are—so natural that, granted the intensity of emotion, the musical utterance follows like a logical conclusion—the artistic expression is never neglected. The reader may or may not invariably admire the poetic form in which the poetic emotion takes shape. To ourselves the measure of the "Praise of Artemis" seems singularly inappropriate:—

By Cephissus'  
Silver stream,  
White narcissus  
Blossoms gleam,  
And the chilly  
Water-lily  
Opens stilly  
Cups of cream.

But this is very nearly a solitary mistake, and even here the failure, as we consider it, is the result, not of carelessness, but of too curious care. There is exquisite appropriateness, on the other hand, in the music of "The Farm," where the prolonged lines of the second couplet in each stanza produce an effect of dreamy repose. In this charming poem the sense, generally so sad, of lost and passing time is merged in and overpowered by sympathy with nature. Nature, too, feels these inevitable changes, and with each change only grows richer and more beautiful:—

The rough old walls decay,  
And moulder day by day,  
The fern-roots tear them, stone by stone,  
The ivy drags them, overgrown;  
But still they serve to keep  
This little shrine of sleep,  
Intact for singing-birds and bees  
And lovers no less shy than these.

While the poet muses on this, and on the memories of many generations that cling, like ivy and fern, to English farm walls as old as the Conquest, the feeling of rest and resignation rises into pleasure:—

I live in flower and tree;  
My own life seems to me  
A fading trifle, scarcely worth  
The notice of the jocund earth.

In many of Mr. Gosse's poems this sense of unity with nature finds expression. Fields, trees, rivers, flowers, the song of birds, the flitting brightness of insects—these things are part of our moods, as we are parts of the whole in which they find their place. No poem in this collection is more happily penetrated with the very sense of summer, the undefined feeling of *bien-être*, that comes from cool fragrant air, moonlight, and dew than "The Whitethroat." It is too long to quote; and, as one inspiring idea pervades the whole, it is too good to mutilate. Though it looks like prying into the mechanical secrets of poetry, we may express the opinion that a favourite artifice of Mr. Matthew Arnold's adds

\* *New Poems*. By Edmund W. Gosse. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

to the effect of this composition. Words usually reserved for prose, such as "enervating," are introduced with singularly happy effect. The trick may seem an easy one; but "ne faict ce tour qui veut." It wants the hand of a master of verse.

We had intended to begin by discussing Mr. Gosse's idyls; but the *logos*, as Plato says, has led us wandering at its own will among the lyrics. It has been remarked that some of these are inspired by interest in old Greek art and Greek life. Here is one which might equally well owe its existence to a curious trait of modern Greek superstition. The country people, when asked about a daughter's health, will say that she is lost, that she "has joined the dances of the Nereids." Some hysteric or epileptic complaint drives its victims to roam wildly on the hills, where it is supposed that the Nereids, or fairies, compel them to dance till they die. It is not impossible that some of the ancient legends of the *Maenads* and the *Bassarids* had their origin in a similar superstition. Mr. Gosse's poem might be the translation of an epigram for the tomb of one of those unhappy women:—

#### THE MAENAD'S GRAVE.

The girl who once, on Lydian heights,  
Around the sacred grove of pines,  
Would dance through whole tempestuous nights  
Where no moon shines,  
Whose pipe of lotos faintly blown  
Gave airs as shrill as *Coty's* own,  
Who, crowned with buds of ivy dark,  
Three times drained deep with amorous lips,  
The wine-fed bowl of willow bark,  
With silver tips,  
Nor sunk, nor ceased, but shouted still  
Like some wild wind from hill to hill,  
She lies at last where poplars wave  
Their sad grey foliage all day long,  
The river murmurs near her grave  
A soothing song;  
Farewell, it saith! Her days have done  
With shouting at the set of sun.

Inspired by Greek religious ideas, too, is the *chant royal* called "The Praise of Dionysus." This is a fine and very stately poem in the most difficult of all those old French forms which were driven into darkness by "the sweet influences of the Pleiad"; by the criticism of Du Bellay, and the odes and sonnets of Ronsard, Baif, Belleau, and the rest. With great impartiality Mr. Gosse also writes one poem in a favourite metre of Ronsard, another in that which leaps and sings in the "Avril" of Belleau. But we think he is more successful in reviving, for this once, the forlorn *chant royal*. Many *chants royaux* the world could not endure, but here is one fortunate alike in form and subject and fashion. Another curiosity unique in English verse, and a poem pathetic in spite of its cleverness, is the dialogue in the form of a sonnet called "Alcyon." One of Mr. Gosse's sonnets seems to us nearly faultless, a rendering into verse of the idea often put on canvas by Mr. Alma Tadema:—

#### THE BATH.

With rosy palms against her bosom pressed,  
To stay the shudder that she dreads of cold,  
Lysidice glides down, till silver-cold  
The water girdles half her glowing breast:  
A yellow butterfly in flowery quest  
Kisses the roses that her tresses hold:  
A breeze comes wandering through the fold on fold  
Of draperies curtaining her shrine of rest.  
Soft beauty, like her kindred petals strewn  
Along the crystal coolness, there she lies,  
What vision gratifies these gentle eyes?  
She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood—  
Where, while the whole arena shrieks for blood,  
Hot in the sand a gladiator dies.

Lysidice is not the nice girl she seemed; there is a fine touch of horror in the unexpected conclusion. A poem which is very unlike all the rest is the "New Endymion." To use a hackneyed expression, this piece causes an *frisson nouveau*. There are no horrors, nothing in the manner of M. Richepin or of Poe, but you read, and find yourself "learning how to shiver," like the boy in the fairy-tale. The last poem in the volume, the "Waking of Eurydice," on the other hand, fails to "find" us, as the slang of æsthetic criticism goes. One cannot think of even a modern Orphée aux Enfers speaking of

the cold still flaming of those dark impassioned eyes.

These adjectives are too much in the descriptive style; it needed some thought to find and assort them. Nor is one more gratified when Eurydice talks of "the stireless hyaline." This seems to us artificiality out of place.

We have not exhausted the lyrics, nor even named all our favourites, for the "First Snow" and "February in Rome" are both beautiful. It is time, however, to say a word about the idyls. The first tells the story of Daphnis and Lycoris, a youth and maiden who fell asleep by the rustic altar of the Muses. The goddesses came by, presented Daphnis with a lyre and the gift of poetry, Lycoris with an opal and the gift of beauty:—

And then they passed from sight,  
Far up the hills of light,  
Seeking their sire in many an upland lair,—  
With voices hushed and low,  
Lest he should come and go,—  
Shivering to feel the laurel-scented air,—  
Trembling lest every stir of wind and tree  
Should lightly turn to music and be He.

Lycoris and Daphnis part, she to be a queen, he to be a minstrel. Once they meet in the palace of the tyrant, and

So memory stirred in each,  
As, o'er a tideless beach,  
Some wandering wind may ape the loud sea-wave;  
Then, in a moment's space,  
Faded from either face  
The shade of shades that dim remembrance gave.  
She was a queen, erect and fair and cold,  
And he a singer to be feed'd with gold.

They part, and at the last Daphnis calls to Apollo to

take this lyre again,  
With all its passion, all its weight of pain!

The music of this idyl, and the beauty of many of the pictures here, are undeniable. But the thought, the main idea, that genius and beauty are weary gifts, is rather trite and thin. The second idyl, "Sisters," is a love story, Greek only in outward guise, for the sad kindness and resignation of the elder sister seems Christian in sentiment. That is of little importance; what is important is a passage so musical as this:—

There is but one fixed goal where love may fare,  
And every lover that the world shall bear;  
After brief space or lengthened, weal or woe,  
They downward and in solitude must go  
Where the Queen sits with poppies round her hair.  
Brief was our time for passion, scant and rare  
The hours of pleasure in my life have been.  
One chill October night when airs were keen,  
And I within the quiet house began  
To clear the soft white spinning wheel a span  
Forth from my knees, and thou wert bent to hold  
The oil-press, slowly oozing liquid gold,  
Silent, before the fire, we two alone,  
There came out of the dark a wailing moan,—  
His voice in vision,—and I rose, but thou  
Heard'st nothing and knew'st nothing of my woe.  
I felt that far away at sea his breath  
Had called on mine at the last hour of death,  
And through the thundering foam and roaring tide,  
My heart had heard the whisper as he died.

Much more might be written about Mr. Gosse's poems; the "Loss of the Eurydice," for example, is a remarkably fine composition. We have said enough, we hope, to induce lovers of poetry to turn to the book itself, and to pronounce their verdict for themselves. The very aspect of the volume is tempting.

#### THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE.\*

READERS and reviewers of fiction should be grateful to Mr. Henry James, if only because he has the skill and courage to put himself from time to time in opposition to the tyranny which commands writers to produce and readers to take fiction in three volumes at a dose, or not at all. On the other hand, many of Mr. James's short stories are so good that we should like to see more of the people to whom we are introduced in them, and to be told definitely what becomes of them, instead of being left to arrange their fates for ourselves as seems best to us. But this is not Mr. James's method; he views life for the purposes of these stories somewhat as a man travelling over the earth in a balloon might be supposed to do. He rests long enough over one particular spot to observe with extraordinary closeness and keenness of insight what is going on in it at a particular time. If we want to know what happened after that particular time, he cannot tell us, for he did not stop to see; and if we complain that we are puzzled by the conjunction of affairs which he has described to us, he may answer that he is equally puzzled, or that he has formed his own conclusion as to the probable result of the things he has seen, but that, as his conclusion may not be the right one, he sees no reason for telling us what it is.

The tales in Mr. James's two volumes which we are now considering have, however, for the most part more definite endings than he is apt to put to his stories; but the attraction which they have for readers is hardly increased by this, since it is the writer's power of observation and manner of telling what he has observed, rather than any talent for construction, which have made for him a high reputation. And to these qualities it is not easy to do justice in a review. The many people who already know and admire Mr. James's writings will readily conceive, when they hear what themes he has chosen, the grace and fineness with which he has illustrated them; but to those who are not already acquainted with his method it would be difficult to convey any adequate idea of its merits without very copious quotation; and even to quote from work which is so complete in itself is much like taking one piece as a specimen from a mosaic. One of the tales in the present collection might indeed, it seems to us, be paraphrased without much injury; but then that is precisely because it is the only one which we do not think can be reckoned among the writer's successes. This, which is called "Longstaff's Marriage," recounts how a young man staying at Nice because he is very ill, supposed indeed by himself and others to be dying, falls in love with a girl to whom he never speaks until he sends for her on what is apparently his death-bed. He has before confided the secret of his love to a friend and travelling companion of the girl.

"It was very generous of you to come," he said at last. "I hardly

\* *The Madonna of the Future; and other Tales.* By Henry James, Junior. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.



ventured to hope you would. I suppose you know—I suppose your friend, who listened to me so kindly, has told you?"

"Yes, she knows," murmured Agatha—"she knows."

"I did not intend you should know until after my death," he went on; "but"—and he paused a moment and shook his clasped hands together—"I couldn't wait! And when I felt that I couldn't wait, a new idea, a new desire, came into my mind." He was silent again for an instant, still looking with worshipful entreaty at Diana. The colour in his face deepened. "It is something that you may do for me. You will think it a most extraordinary request; but, in my position, a man grows bold. Dear lady, will you marry me?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Agatha Josling, just audibly. Her companion said nothing—her attitude seemed to say that in this remarkable situation one thing was no more surprising than another. But she paid Mr. Longstaff's proposal the respect of slowly seating herself in a chair which had been placed near his bed; here she rested in maidenly majesty, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"It will help me to die happy, since die I must!" the young man continued. "It will enable me to do something for you—the only thing I can do. I have property—land, houses, a great many beautiful things—things I have loved and am very sorry to be leaving behind me. Lying here helpless and hopeless through so many days, the thought has come to me of what a bliss it would be to know that they should rest in your hands. If you were my wife, they would rest there safely. You might be spared much annoyance; and it is not only that. It is a fancy I have beyond that. It would be the feeling of it! I am fond of life. I don't want to die; but since I must die, it would be a happiness just to have got this out of life—this joining of our hands before a priest. You could go away then. For you it would make no change—it would be no burden. But I should have a few hours in which to lie and think of my happiness."

The young man goes on to say that it would be "a great charity, a great condescension," on the girl's part to do what he asks. "It is only the form, the ceremony"; and the English clergyman, who has said that he is ready to marry them, can tell the girl all about him. On this Mr. James remarks, somewhat oddly, that "it was strange to hear a dying man lie there and argue his points so reasonably and consistently." However, the girl is not persuaded by his arguments; and she and her friend go back to America, and do not meet for two years, during which time neither of them hears any more of Longstaff. At the end of two years Diana "wrote to Agatha that she was to be married, and Agatha immediately congratulated her upon her happiness. Then Diana wrote back that, though she was to be married, she was not at all happy; and she shortly afterwards added that she was neither happy nor to be married. She had broken off her projected union, and her felicity was smaller than ever." Agatha goes to stay with Diana, who greets her by saying, "Will you come abroad with me again? I am very ill"; and, being asked what is the matter, replies "I don't know; I believe I am dying." They wander abroad for some time, and in St. Peter's at Rome they meet Mr. Reginald Longstaff, looking remarkably well and handsome. He explains to Agatha that he really did think he was dying, and that his complete recovery was due to "the miracle of wounded pride." He adds that, when he got well, "what had gone before had become as a simple dream," as happened in the case of Mr. Arthur Pendennis. Some little time afterwards Diana sends for Longstaff, and says to him, "It is I who am dying now. And now I want to ask something of you—to ask what you asked of me." Then they are married, and then she dies. Longstaff says to Agatha, "I don't understand. Did she love me or not?" and Agatha replies, "She loved you more than she believed you could now love her; and it seemed to her that when she had had her moment of happiness, to leave you at liberty was the tenderest way she could show it."

There is something so preposterous in this story that one is inclined to think Mr. James must have taken it from actual life, without going to much trouble in dressing it up. It is pleasant to turn from it to the following story, called "Madame de Mauves," in which the author is, we think, at his best throughout. The characters, down to people who appear only for five minutes, are so treated that they seem like living beings whom one is watching and listening to; and the principal personages are worked out with admirable finish and truth. We learn to know them, as we should in real life, from the outside, and not by means of an elaborate analysis of their conflicting reflections and emotions. The story has elements which in hands less light than Mr. James's might have become disagreeable; but his touch is of the very finest. The tale is one of those which will least bear repetition in a form different from that given to it by its author, and we shall say no more of it than that it seems to us, on the whole, to be the best piece of work in the two volumes. It might not be too much to say that, thus far, it is Mr. James's masterpiece.

The *Madonna of the Future*, the first story in the volumes which take from it their title, is in a general view not much inferior to "Madame de Mauves." The characters of the story are eminently real, and perhaps it only interests us less than the other tale because in the nature of things its subject cannot include so wide a view of life. But it is open to an objection which, in the case of so artistic a writer as Mr. James, seems serious. It begins with an account of how "we" had been talking about painters and poets known by one solitary achievement, and how "our host" had produced a charming little picture which was its painter's sole title to reputation. "There was some discussion," the author goes on, "as to the frequency of this phenomenon, during which, I observed, H— sat silent, finishing his cigar, with a meditative air, and looking at the picture, which was being handed round the table." Then we are told how "H—" goes on to speak of "a poor fellow who painted his one master-

piece, and didn't even paint that," and then "H—" tells the story of which we have just quoted the name. It is scarcely necessary to add that he tells it as no man in this world does tell a story offhand, with admirably chosen words, with no break, and with every detail, trifling in itself, that can help the effect of the narration. The device may be defended by precedent, which, however, is but a weak means of defence, and on no other ground can anything be said in its favour. The story is quite good enough to stand by itself without any introduction, and the intrusion of a person described with an ostentatious initial, followed by a dash, as its narrator, appears to us a blot upon its artistic completeness. The thing would seem more reasonable, if not more necessary, if there were any discussion at the end between "H—" and his friends corresponding to their appearance at the beginning; but there is none, and the tale remains as an excellent expression of fine observation of, and sympathy with, an odd development of human nature, prefaced by a page which seems to have been borrowed from the first ephemeral magazine story which came to hand. It may be well to add to this criticism that we trust no one will be deterred by the somewhat unpromising nature of its introduction from becoming acquainted with a story which is both amusing and touching.

"The Diary of a Man of Fifty," which occupies the greater portion of Mr. James's second volume, and which has previously appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, will be fresh in the recollection of many readers. It has much of the merit that belongs to "Madame de Mauves," but, to use a cant phrase, it seems to us to have less heart in it, and we think the author is mistaken in springing upon his readers the intelligence that the teller of the story is a retired general who has been in India. His ways are not, one would say, the ways either of a general or of an Anglo-Indian, and there is no reason why he should be either.

"Eugene Pickering" is a very remarkable study of character, and so, in a way, is "Benvolio," which closes, as "Eugene Pickering" opens, the second volume. "Benvolio" is written in a style different from that of the other stories, and is at once true, playful, and attractive. "Once upon a time," it begins " (as if he had lived in a fairy-tale), there was a very interesting young man. This is not a fairy-tale, and yet our young man was in some respects as pretty a fellow as any fairy prince." Then follows a description, of which this is the beginning:—

His name was Benvolio; that is, it was not; but we shall call him so for the sake both of convenience and of picturesqueness. He was about to enter upon the third decade of our mortal span: he had a little property, and he followed no regular profession. His personal appearance was in the highest degree prepossessing. Having said this, it were perhaps well that I should let you—you especially, madam—suppose that he exactly corresponded to your ideal of manly beauty; but I am bound to explain definitely wherein it was that he resembled a fairy prince, and I need furthermore to make a record of certain little peculiarities and anomalies in which it is probable that your brilliant conception would be deficient. Benvolio was slim and fair, with clustering locks, remarkably fine eyes, and such a frank, expressive smile that on the journey through life it was almost as servicable to its owner as the magic key, or the enchanted ring, or the wishing-cap, or any other bauble of necromantic properties. Unfortunately this charming smile was not always at his command, and its place was sometimes occupied by a very perverse and dusky frown, which rendered the young man no service whatever—not even that of frightening people; for though it expressed extreme irritation and impatience, it was characterized by the brevity of contempt, and the only revenge upon disagreeable things and offensive people that it seemed to express a desire for on Benvolio's part was that of forgetting and ignoring them with the utmost possible celerity. It never made any one tremble, though now and then it perhaps made irritable people murmur an imprecation or two.

We will not attempt to give any abstract of Benvolio's story; but we may say of it that, while the charm of its style and the nature of its subject have reminded us of Musset's *Les deux maitresses*, it is in its essence original and entirely free from those qualities which keep the French poet's story away from drawing-room tables.

#### BRITISH GOBLINS.\*

THE author of this survey of Welsh mythology and folk-lore has done well to preface his work by a distinct inclusion of Monmouthshire within his range. By so doing he identifies his subject with Arthur's court and the traditions of the cathedral of Caerleon, and takes possession, so to speak, of a portion of the old principality which is peculiarly rich in semi-historic legend and mythologic story, and which in later days appears to have especially clung to its myths and marvels, and to have done much towards cherishing and diffusing the memory of them. In no part of South Wales probably is the "realm of faerie," or the influence of superstition, so strong as in the region of Merthyr, Newport, and the Glamorganshire country, where nature-myths and fairy-lore continue to hold their own against the modern and material marvels of iron and coal. In his opening chapter Mr. Wirt Sikes amusingly traces the retrocession of the fairy-folk, the first of the four divisions of his subject, to the invasion of the Methodists and teetotallers, from which it would seem that the fairies are orthodox Churchfolk; at any rate, if he is right, the more ground there is for literary diligence such as he has displayed in recording and harmonizing the legends and folk-

\* *British Goblins; Welsh Folk-lore, Fairy Mythology, Legends, and Traditions.* By Wirt Sikes, United States Consul for Wales. With Illustrations by T. H. Thomas. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

tales of the past before they vanish irrevocably, to the detriment alike of poetic fancy and of much not seldom wholesome moral teaching. Beginning with Gwyn ap Nudd, the king of the fairies, whose name associates him with the goblin-haunted Vale of Neath, and the Mor Gwyn, or White Maid, whom Cambrian etymologists connect with Morgana and Morgan, Mr. Sikes glances at the Welsh popular belief as to the whereabouts of fairy-land, which locates it in the green meadows of the sea called in the Triads Gwerddonau Llŷon; and he notes the disappearance in the fifth century, amid unknown waters and in quest of these enchanted islands, of the British King Gwran, who was never more heard of. Tradition places these green meadows of enchantment west of Pembrokeshire, peoples them with the souls of Druids not holy enough for the heaven of Christians, yet not wicked enough for the tortures of Annwn, and represents certain evanescent inhabitants of these floating and flitting isles as regularly attending Milford Haven and Llanharne markets, dealing at the former with one favourite butcher, and anticipating the practical wonders of Brunel by a prehistoric subaqueous gallery or tunnel.

In Mr. Sikes's division of Welsh fairies into the elves (Ellyllon), the mine fairies (Coblynau), the household fairies (Bwbachon), lake and stream fairies (Gwragedd annwn), and mountain fairies (Gwyllion) will be recognized more than one of the prominent characters of Scandinavian folk-lore; and comparative mythology familiarizes readers with the propitiatory euphemistic manner of speaking which calls the whole class *y Tylwyth Teg* or the "fair folk," much as the Greeks called the Furies the Eumenides, and the Laplander calls the bear "the old man with the fur coat." This kind of indirect periphrasis, indeed, seems very congenial to the Welsh mind and language, as will be seen where, in the customs of Halloween (p. 282), children going round singing and asking for sol-cakes or soul cakes ask

One for Peter and two for Paul  
And three for the good man that made us all.

Whatever Mr. Keightley's opinion may be worth as regards his strictures on Shakespeare's inaccurate use of English fairy superstitions, Mr. Sikes has shown that Shakespeare knew a good deal about those of Wales; for his "Mab" is Cymri for a little child, and the root of many kindred words, while his "Puck" is the veritable Pwca or Pooka, whom his friend Richard Price, of the Priory of Brecon, taught him to associate with Will-o'-the-Wisp and to introduce into his perhaps locally inspired *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Of such a stamp of elves, at any rate, were the Ellyllidau, and not less familiar to the Welsh mining population are the "Coblynau," or grotesque pigmy miners, corresponding with the Cornish "Knockers" or "Knackers," equipped in mining garb and accoutrements a quarter of the ordinary size, and having for their function to point out veins of ore to the miner by rapping. Lewis Morris, the antiquary, had a lively faith in this particular section of the little people. But this, says Mr. Sikes,

was in the days before a Priestley had caught and bottled that demon which exists in the shape of carbonic acid gas, when the miner was smitten dead by an invisible foe in the deep bowels of the earth, and it was natural his awe-struck companions should ascribe the mysterious blow to a supernatural enemy. When the workman was assailed by what we now call firedamp, which hurled him and his comrades right and left upon the dark rocks, scorching, burning, and killing, those who survived were not likely to question the existence of the mine-fiend.

It is, however, a less obvious explanation which "science offers to the phenomenon of the knockers in the action of water on the loose stones in fissures and potholes of mountain limestone, actually suggesting the presence of metals." The counterparts of these Coblynau are found in most mining countries, though they are commonly more malignant than the friendly Welsh goblin miners. The same good nature characterizes the house goblin, or Bwbach, whom the tidy Welsh maid propitiates by a basin of fresh cream set on the hob the last thing at night, who favours the folk that love "cwrw da" and pipes, and who is seldom malevolently minded, further than in whisking people through the air, which spiriting is usually done for the purpose of securing and removing hidden treasure. Between these and the Domovoy or House-fairies of Mr. Ralston's Russian songs there is a clear resemblance, which a minuter examination would perhaps tend to bring out more fully. Another section of the Welsh fairy-folk are the Gwragedd Annwn, or lake fairies, or Dames of Eilfin-land, one of whose domains is the Crumlyn Lake and submerged town near Briton Ferry, and another Llyn Barfog, near Aberdovey. To these and similar localities pertain the legends of the young farmer who proposes to one of three twin water-nymphs, and is accepted on condition that he can recognize her amidst her sisters. She is won and wooed, and brings a dowry of a bull, two oxen, and seven cows, but is lost to him, after bearing him children, because he playfully tapped her arm thrice with his glove—the three blows which, it had been foretold, should terminate the marriage contract. The legend is known as that of the Meddygon Myddfai, and the wooer and his three sons are said to have been famous physicians, to whom, after her disappearance, the Gwraig Annwn once more appeared, giving them magic remedies which were the foundation of their healing skill. Several variations of this legend are appended, in one of which the farmer wins his water-maiden by the Welsh gift of bread and cheese, whilst in most of them the three blows, or some equivalent for them, put an end to the

happy union. It is curious that in these Welsh legends there is no distinct mermaid superstition, no tale of sirens or nymphs of Lurley luring men to their doom, though, as the author notes, a mermaid is in Basse Bretagne called "Mary Morgan," which suggests the connexion with the sea in the Welsh language.

The last division of fairies is that of the mountain-haunting Gwyllion, typified by the "Old Woman of the Mountain," just as the Ellyllon are by Puck. This Cymric Hecate wears ash-hued clothes and a four-cornered hat, carries a pot or wooden can in her hand, and by an unearthly cry and weird uncanny laugh leads folks astray, and mocks them when benighted. The way to exorcise her is to draw a knife; and our author notes that elsewhere than in Wales a knife or pair of scissors has like virtue. The Monmouthshire folk, however, try to keep on good terms with her by providing clean water and removing all knives or cutting tools when such a fairy goes to sit in the chimney-corner. The precaution, however, cannot now be frequently called for, as, according to the Prophet Jones, a Dissenting oracle often quoted in this goblin book, the "Old Woman of the Mountain" has been since the beginning of the present century mostly relegated to the coal-pits and mines. The fairy realm is so much the most attractive of the divisions of Welsh folk-lore that we despair of even glancing at a tithe of its salient features. More than one curious chapter concerns the "plentyn-newid," or changelings, and the children for whom they are substituted by the fairies. The changeling seems at first the very copy of the stolen infant, but anon shrivels up. Wonderful legends are told of their exorcism, as also of the rescue of children from the fairies by such mothers as Jennet Francis and Dazzy Walter of Elbwyr Fawr (p. 62); and we read of a knife in the cradle, a pair of tongs across it, a Bible, or the father's breeches hung on the wall, as spells scarcely less potent than holy baptism. One of the oldest legends on the subject is Giraldus Cambrensis's tale of Elidurus, the scene of which is the Vale of Neath, and it is replete with data concerning the manners and customs of fairyland. More modern, and susceptible of a rational solution, is the tale of Shui Rhys, with another about the magic dance of St. Dogmells. Often in these cases of spiriting away, the lost wight, as in the case of one Rhys (p. 71), if he ever came back, was under the impression he had not been gone five minutes; and yet he had really been lost so long that his comrade narrowly escaped hanging for murdering him. One of the direst fairy snares was to tread on the edge of a magic circle, and an old man at Peterstone-super-Ely told Mr. Sikes he well remembered being warned by his mother in childhood to "keep away from the fairy rings" (p. 103). The Prophet Jones, above cited, who devoutly believed in the fairy folk, connected them and their dances and rings with St. Matthew xii. 43, and "the walk of evil spirits in dry places." There would seem to be some connexion between the fairy rings and Welsh mutton, for the sheep which make the finest-flavoured mutton are said to graze the fairy rings; and, not to speak of their love for going on horseback and with dogs, the legends of the Mare of Ternyon, the Ychain Banog, the Lambs of St. Melangell, the sheep of Cefn Rhythir, &c., indicate the fondness of the Tylwyth Teg for useful animals. Other minuter notes of fairy habits are, that, as in Prudentius, they vanish at cockcrow; like the Russian house-fairies, they defeat the aim of a family to get quit of them, by flitting in a churn, or in a jug of barm. The fairy dress *par excellence* is green—an anticipation, perhaps, of the theory of protective resemblances; but near Llanidloes the Tylwyth Teg wear a blue petticoat. Pembrokeshire fairies have a fancy for red, and their holiday costume is, according to all tradition, a dress of white linen.

The second part of Mr. Sikes's book, "The Spirit World," is perhaps less interesting than the first. Monsters like the Gwyllgi, or "dogs of darkness," which a domestic animal is credited with scenting on the instant, are said to have been seen in Indiana, to say nothing of the Isle of Man and the Norfolk coast. They differ from the Ōwn Annwn, or dogs of hell, whose abode is the sky, and whose presence bodes death. In addition to these we meet with phantom horsemen, giant spirits, black ghosts and whirling ghosts, together with familiar spirits, whom Oxford divines, such as Sir David Llwyd of Cardiganshire, were unowned for keeping at call, locked up in a book of all conceivable hiding places. In this part of the volume we are introduced to the *diawl*, or, as he is euphemistically called, "the old man," a ubiquitous figure, who seems, by the way, to be oftener outwitted in his favourite habitat of Mid-Wales than elsewhere, as may be gathered from the legend of his sermon at Tintern Abbey, and the old woman's victory at the Devil's Bridge. Her cow had strayed across the ravine. Satan thought he saw his opportunity in throwing a bridge over it, on condition that the first crosser should be his. "The old woman agreed; the bridge was built; the devil waited to see her cross. She drew a crust from her pocket; threw it over, and her little black dog flew after it. 'The dog's yours, sir,' said the dame, and Satan was discomfited" (p. 206). We learn, however, that he took it good-naturedly; indeed we find the Welsh "*diawl*" credited with a sense of humour not so common in his Swiss or German congeners. The death-ports of Wales—whether the Gwrach y Rhibyn, which simulate the Banshee; the Cyhyraeth, which moan all through the night; or the Tolaeth, which saw, or sing, or tramp with their feet; the dogs of hell, the corpse-candle, and the goblin funeral—are various individualities of superstition with distinct attributes of their own. Of all these, perhaps the "corpse-candle," issuing from the mouth of a



dying man like a white cloud, is the one most frequently encountered.

The third division of the volume deals with quaint old customs, not a few of which—e.g. the gift of the first cup of pure water on New Year's morning; the Good Friday bread hung up for a year in a bag, and then used medicinally; the rules for seeing future lovers on All Hallow's E'en; and so forth—are or have been till modern times familiar on both sides of the border. Christmas customs are especially observed in Wales, where, as the author says, "the air is full of music," and he might have added, of quaintest fancies. So, too, are the wedding customs, as one may note in the Welsh "Biddings," and still more the ancient Glamorganshire "Horse-weddings," which in a measure recall the "Rape of the Sabines," or the widely known marriage by capture. We ourselves have noticed something akin to the Welsh custom of "chaining," which is said to arise out of the horse-wedding, at a recent wedding in Herefordshire. At Sketty, in Glamorganshire, in 1877, Mr. Sikes saw a wedding procession stopped while in progress by a chain stretched across the street, and forming a barrier not to be passed till the chainers were tipped. Our parallel was a chain of flower-wreaths stretched across the street to obstruct the bridal carriage until the obstacle was removed by silver coin. Among the most debated customs in reference to death and burial is that of the "sin-eater," which has given occasion to more than one persistent controversy. Strange to say, Welshmen are very jealous of being regarded as superstitious, and this charge of "sin-eating" they cannot stand, although they have no objection to accept John Aubrey's testimony to its having formerly obtained in Herefordshire. The sole ground for scepticism on the subject seems to be the absence of any Welsh synonym for a functionary who recalls the scapegoat in a human form. The fourth part of Mr. Wirt Sikes's clever and patient researches deals with the Bells, Wells, Stones, and Dragons of Wales, transporting the reader at one time to the lakes of Cramlyn and Llan-gorse; at another, bringing him within earshot of the bells of St. Iltyd, Rhayader, and Aberdorey; introducing him to the legends and abodes of St. Winefred, St. Tecla, and St. Elian, and investing with a fresh interest the Logan stones, cromlechs, caverns, and fabled dragons which add so great a charm to Welsh topography. In parting from Mr. Sikes's very readable and by no means unlearned survey of Welsh folklore, we may commend it to the loving study of Cambrian scholars and antiquaries, with a counsel not to be ashamed of that intermixture in their past of truth with fable which clings to the infancy of all history.

#### TYRRELL'S EDITION OF CICERO'S LETTERS.\*

THIS is a small instalment of a great work, containing, as it does, only eighty-seven letters, and extending only to the year B.C. 57; but the introductory matter is, as is natural, on a larger scale than will be found necessary in succeeding volumes, and there seems no reason why Professor Tyrrell should not embrace the whole body of the letters in a reasonable and convenient compass. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the value of the letters to the historian and the scholar, and, in our opinion, it would be equally superfluous to dwell upon the advantages of the chronological, as opposed to the ordinary arrangement of the letters according to the persons to whom they are written. To any one, for instance, desirous of taking a general view of Cicero's provincial governorship it is exceedingly inconvenient to have to keep the letters *ad Atticum* and *ad Familiares* constantly open together, and to have to be continually referring from the one collection to the other. Foreign editors—Schütz and Schneider, for instance—have already adopted this arrangement; it is, however, discarded by the most recent German editor of the whole series, Wesenberg; and Professor Tyrrell is the first English editor to adopt it for the whole collection. Mr. Watson had already adopted it in his admirable and scholarly edition of selections from Cicero's correspondence; but selections are always unsatisfactory, and it is undeniable that Mr. Watson's unfortunate limitation of his work has given Professor Tyrrell an opening which would otherwise have been closed to him.

Professor Tyrrell takes no humble view of the duties of an editor. He is ready alike with emendation, with interpretation, and with historical introductions. The essay "On the Character of Cicero as a Public Man," with which the Introduction begins, is, on the whole, a brilliant piece of work. It has, however, unfortunately too much of a controversial character; and we doubt whether the author is cool and contained enough as a writer to reach truth through the dangerous path of controversy. The temptation to "score off" Theodor Mommsen and Professor Beesly is one difficult to resist when the controversy is once opened, and Professor Tyrrell in this essay appears rather as a special pleader than as a judge. What he attempts to show against all gainsayers is first, that Cicero was a great political power; secondly, that he was consistent in his political career. Other theses of interest which occur in the course of the essay are that Cæsar had a guilty knowledge of Catiline's designs, and that the position of Cæsar was

during this period by no means a pre-eminent one among his contemporaries. Professor Tyrrell conclusively proves that Cicero's influence was such, that neither Cæsar nor anyone else could afford to make light of him:—

Mommsen's theory of a cool, ironical deference on the part of Cæsar towards Cicero, which even showed itself ready to flatter the weaknesses of an intellect which it despised, is as untrue to history as it is injurious to the character of Cæsar himself. It is simply fiction, and bad fiction. Cæsar saw, as he saw everything, that Cicero was a great power. His speeches not only swayed the assembly, but they discharged the highest work now done by our best newspapers, magazines, and reviews. To gain Cicero was what it would now be to secure the advocacy of the *Times*; or rather what it would be were there no other paper, review, or magazine but the *Times*, and were the leaders of the *Times* written by Burke and Sheridan. He placed the public in possession of the political situation.

He is not, it seems to us, equally successful in establishing Cicero's political consistency. The charge against Cicero is that his personal fears and hates played too large a share in his policy; that the man who defended Flaccus and Fonteius loses credit for what would otherwise have been the noble indignation of the Verreses. It must be conceded to Professor Tyrrell that Cicero honestly believed in the Senate, and had a fervent faith in his own particular nostrum of the *Concordia Ordinum*. It is very clear from his letters to Atticus that he seriously debated with himself whether he should throw in his lot with Pompey or Cæsar; but that hesitation was due rather to faults of Pompey and to his own timidity than to a wavering in his creed. The charge against Cicero needs restating. Mommsen imitates Dio Cassius in putting it too brutally. "The notorious political trimmer M. Tullius Cicero" is, as Professor Tyrrell contends, not a fit description of the man. But what offends us in Cicero is such an act as his abusing Catiline for crimes for which he had once undertaken to defend him. Professor Tyrrell proves that it is, at all events, very likely that Cicero did not actually defend Catiline. But the intention is here the important matter, and it is impossible to avoid feeling a certain contempt for the rhetorician who can find words, as he himself boasts, for any conceivable policy. Professor Tyrrell's defence is that a lawyer cannot win his way "by the picking and choosing of briefs." That is to say, if Burke, after impeaching Warren Hastings, had undertaken the defence of Sir Elijah Impey, our conception of and our respect for the man would be nowise changed. Our editor's defence of Cicero against the charge of not foreseeing the inevitable and of taking "the wrong side" is more successful. If the choice lay between a military despotism, however necessary, and the rule of the Senate, every reason would make Cicero choose the latter. If the choice had lain between maintaining the senatorial government, with all its abuses, and the support of a reforming policy, to be carried out by constitutional means, we might fairly blame Cicero for his backwardness. But matters had gone too far for any such middle course, and it is preposterous to blame Cicero for not enthusiastically accepting a necessary evil.

So far, however, we have been on ground more or less disputable. It is less open to doubt that Professor Tyrrell contradicts himself in pp. 135 and 168 about the abolition of the *portoria*, or customs duties, in Italy, ascribing that measure in the former passage to Cæsar, and in the latter to Metellus Nepos. The latter ascription is of course correct. What Cæsar did was to re-establish them. A like positive error is the persistent mistranslation of the word *negotiator* by the English "trader." Mr. Froude, with all his inaccuracies, never falls into this blunder, and always renders the word by "banker" or "money-lender." This particular mistranslation makes nonsense of the note on p. 217, where Professor Tyrrell says that Cicero refused an appointment as *præfectus* to M. Lænius Flaccus "on the ground that he was engaged in trade." Much the same may be said of notes that occur in pp. 122 and 170. Professor Tyrrell might have remembered Ernesti's well-known and conclusive discussion of the meaning of the word.

Professor Tyrrell's dealings with the MSS. show his usual ability. He gives good reasons for maintaining against Wesenberg the superiority of the manuscript which has been assigned the first place by all other scholars—the Medicean. His principles of emendation are the rational ones, and in the end come pretty much to the maxim that a difficult and unlikely reading is to be preferred, other things being equal, to an easy and obvious one. He perhaps formalizes a little too much with his *ἀσθηνία* and his "dittography," expressions which mean nothing more or less than that a scribe has either missed some particular word or syllable in his text, or has repeated such word or syllable twice over. Instances of his own emendation are not uncommon. Sometimes they are convincing, at other times not; but they are always ingenious and acute. As a specimen may be quoted the *locus vacuus* in the first epistle to Atticus (p. 27). "*Hermathena tua valde me delectat et posita ita belle est ut totum gymnasium elui anathema esse videatur.*" The words in italics are the reading of the MSS. Klotz's correction is "*ejus ἀνάθημα*," Casaubon having previously proposed "*illius ἀνάθημα*." Professor Tyrrell is dissatisfied with this, and proposes *ἡλίου ἀνάμμα*, and translates, "The Hermathena is so happily placed that the whole gymnasium (looks most brilliant) seems to have got new life and light." His objections to "*ejus*" or "*illius ἀνάθημα*" seem to us misplaced. It is just the sort of ingenious hyperbole which Cicero might have written. And the passages which he quotes on the word *ἀνάμμα* do not support this particular phrase. Surely *ἀνάμμα* must mean "something lit up," and can be hardly used with *ἡλίου* to mean "a blaze of sunshine."

\* The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero, arranged according to its Chronological Order; with a Revision of the Text, a Commentary, and Introductory Essays on the Life of Cicero, and the Style of his Letters. By Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Latin in the University of Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Figgis.

A happier emendation appears to us to be one in the letter printed as the twenty-fifth in this edition, where, in the sentence "Si est enim apud homines quidquam quod potius (sit) laudetur, nos vituperemus, qui non potius alia laudemus," the MSS. read *si*; *sit* is a conjecture. Professor Tyrrell explains the existence of the *si* by "dittography" from the last letter of *potius*, and by omitting it altogether obtains what he fairly calls "a much more robust interpretation." The strong part of Professor Tyrrell's interpretation of his author's text lies, we think, in the felicity and appositeness of his references. He has a theory that for the style of the letters the important authors for comparison are the comic dramatists, and the use he makes of Plautus for this purpose is, it must be confessed, happy, and bears out his view. His knowledge of Cicero's other works often too stands him in good stead for the support of a new and ingenious rendering of his own. An original point in this edition is the idea of rendering the Greek phrases so frequent in the letters by French phrases of common occurrence in English. Thus *γενικῶς* is rendered *en bloc*; the proverb *ταύροματον ἡμῶν* by *l'homme propose*; *ἐπιφωνήματα* by *bravos*. Professor Tyrrell also notices the very curious point that Greek phrases are often used in Cicero where we now use Latin phrases of the same meaning. Thus Cicero says *οὐχ ὅσῳ φθιμένοις*, where we should say *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; *ῥῶτα φωνή*, where we should say *vidē voce*; *ἐπδοί τις*, where we should say *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. It is unnecessary to remark that Professor Tyrrell's interpretation of difficult passages is often in the highest degree ingenious and scholarly. As instances, we might refer to the notes on *aequi fuisset* (p. 20), *addam illud etiam* (p. 60), and many others. We might, however, ask him why he thinks it necessary to translate *saltum*, on p. 144, by "a wooded tract" (for the possibility that all *saltus* may have been originally wooded is nothing to the point); and still more, why he renders *tetrarchis* by "Zemindars," *cynico consulari* by "Tear-em, the ex-consul," and introduces references to "Mr. Toots"? Professor Tyrrell is, we are aware, particularly enamoured of his rendering of *cynico consulari*; and he is quite right in maintaining that Cicero was not a "cynic," and that *cynico* does not mean a "cynic." But that does not justify a rendering which owes all its force and intelligibility to the reader's familiarity with the nickname of a living politician. Does Professor Tyrrell want his notes to be unintelligible to Englishmen in another generation, and unintelligible at the present moment to foreigners, that he indulges in such fantastic stuff? This is not the fashion in which the great scholars have written commentaries, and it would be perilous for their reputation if it were. What, again, can be the use of such a note as this (p. 217)?—"Negue di . . . neque homines. Cicero often betrays how lightly he wears his religious beliefs; here, for instance, he shows much of the spirit of the modern Frenchman; his business was with men, his wife's department was religion." Surely such notes are to the last degree unnecessary and unprofitable. Examiners are familiar with the like in the papers of clever schoolboys; but we do not look for them from scholars of Professor Tyrrell's calibre. When, in a future edition, he has carefully expunged everything facetious, everything in the way of such references to the "modern Frenchman," or modern anything else, as the above, and kept his ingenuity and love of controversy within the bounds assigned by a severe critique, he will have produced the classical English edition of this portion of Cicero's letters.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

## I.

THE early Christmas books this year do not, as a rule, rival the unusual splendour of the late autumn colours. Neither the sylvan nor the publishing year has been very brilliant; but the former is making amends at its close for many months of dulness, while the latter has only produced a few gift-books that deserve to be called gorgeous. Among these is a new volume of *Picturesque Europe* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), a work so luxurious that it deserves the elegant box in which it lives exclusive and retired. The countries illustrated by pencil and pen are many of them not too familiar to the tourist. First, Mr. Arthur Griffiths describes the scenery of Sweden; and his essay, with the illustrations, is not unworthy of the beautiful woodcut which forms the head-piece—a view of Lake Malar. On p. 3 there is a very pretty sketch of the Troll Hattan Falls. Unluckily, the type on this page is so arranged that the spray of the cataract almost seems to splash over it, which is bad both for the illustration and the letterpress. In another page an extremely fine effect (a huge crucifix standing out black against the pure evening sky) is marred by the presence of letterpress on the horizon. This seems to be a favourite or fashionable arrangement; but we are convinced that it is a mistaken one. Among the best of the engravings on steel is Mr. Birket Foster's "Innsbruck," and the smaller wood-cut of the "Golden Roof" in that town is perfectly successful in the drawing of rich details of sculpture. We have never seen any sketches of Gibraltar which made the "Rock" seem so real and so naturally impregnable. The drawing called "Under the Bridge, Dresden," should be compared with Prout's delicate sketch of old Dresden in the collection now being exhibited in Bond Street. Mr. Birket Foster's "Lauffenberg" seems to us the most successful of this artist's attempts to represent large spaces of landscape. The drawing of the old houses on the right

bank of the river seems rather perfunctory to eyes accustomed to Prout or Dürer. The pictures of Constantinople and Mr. Ralston's paper on Russia, its rivers, sea-coasts, and cities, have a peculiar interest at present. Please observe the Circassian, with his belt full of daggers and pistols, robbing the baker of his loaves in the streets of Stamboul. The author of the essay on Constantinople assures his readers that justice, *pède claudo*, will overtake the Circassian, for the bread is so bad that it is sure to disagree with his Caucasian constitution. Greece, the Danube, and Spain are all illustrated in this beautiful book. Geography might be made a pleasant study for children if they were shown these spirited pictures while they learned the dry names of cities and mountains.

It is almost superfluous to praise M. Charles Yriarte's *Venice* (Translated by F. J. Sitwell. George Bell and Sons). This volume deals with the history, art, industries, and modern life of the Queen of the Adriatic. The book is splendidly got up in the English style, and each section is prefaced by an emblematic design in red, which adds greatly to the richness of effect. The engravings are very numerous and carefully executed, as a rule. To us the copies of famous Venetian pictures seem the least satisfactory of the illustrations; while the reproductions of wood-engravings of the sixteenth century are very valuable and picturesque. Thus the two pages (56, 57) which represent a Venetian State procession place the whole hierarchy of the constitution before our eyes. Even more interesting is the large picture of the Nuptials of the Sea, after Jost Amman (1565). The old portraits of old doges, and of such worthies as Aretino, Aldus, and the lady bibliophile, Isabelle d'Este, are engraved with proper care. There are lively sketches of contemporary Venetian life; even lace patterns are not neglected; and a page is given here and there to artistic rarities, like a design from the famous Dream of Polyphile. The publishers and printers have neglected nothing to make their share of the work worthy of M. Yriarte's learning and industry, and the translator has Englished the book to admiration.

*The Early Teutonic, Italian, and French Masters* (Chatto and Windus) have been translated by Mr. A. H. Keane, M.A.I. (whatever these letters may mean), from the biographies of the Dohme series. These works are edited by Dr. Robert Dohme, Librarian to the German Emperor, and are written by such critics and scholars as Robert Vischer, Hermann Lücke, Carl Lemcke, and others. Mr. Keane has fused several of these *études* into a harmonious whole. His book contains essays on many obscure old German masters, and one particularly interesting paper on a subject little understood, "The German Minster Builders." In this essay the whole organization of the building guilds, and every step in the construction of a minster, from the collection of money by the *petitor fabricæ* upwards, is explained. Tetzels was the *petitor fabricæ* of St. Peter's at Rome. The early Flemish, Italian, and French masters are discoursed of by specialists, and the book is full of engravings. The copies of Beham's work are elaborate and minute, but Dürer's "Knight, Death, and the Devil" loses effect terribly in the woodcut (p. 109). "The Four Apocalyptic Blows"—"The Four Dolorous Strokes," as Malory would have called them—retains its grotesque and angry vehemence (p. 96). Among French artists we notice the biography of Mignard as particularly interesting. The translator should avoid such expressions as "quite the correct thing."

*The Song of the Bell* (Thirty-two Illustrations by Alexander Liezen Mayer, and Vignettes, &c., by Rudolf Seitz. Hachette) is scarcely so important a work as the *Faust* which Herr Mayer gave us last year. The same qualities of energy, truthfulness, tender domestic feeling, and beauty in the female figures which we praised last year are found in the illustrations to the *Glockenlied*. The frontispiece, on delicately tinted paper, is remarkable for breadth and power. The various stages in the casting of the bell do not, unhappily, suggest very much variety of incident and attitude. There are always groups of strenuous figures illuminated by the firelight, and standing out against a background of smoke. We take more pleasure in the rural sketches of villagers flocking to a church at the summons of the bell, in the very pretty picture of the young mother playing with her baby by a vine-hung window, through which the sunlight is streaming, and in the girl testing her lover's affection by the process of picking a daisy to pieces; *passionément* is obviously the answer of the oracle. But the prettiest engraving of all represents the bride in her mother's embrace, and surrounded by children tossing roses. The vignettes of Rudolf Seitz have a broad blown Teutonic grace, and the book, which is beautifully printed on vellum paper, should be secure of popular favour.

Who are the *American Painters*? (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.) It is "European not to know, European quite," and Mr. Sheldon has enlightened our ignorance. We learn that in old days "even the gods were connoisseurs of art; once, in answer to a sculptor's prayer for a token of approval, they flashed lightning from a clear sky across his feet. Will those good old times ever return?" Probably not, not at least till after the mystic year of Plato. The last person thus favoured by "a token" was Lord Herbert of Chesham, and he was not a sculptor. In the meantime, this book is full of woodcuts after American paintings, and of details about the life of artists, such as we admire in Vasari. Take Mr. Giffard, for example; "he is careful about his food." How unlike old Sansovino, who used to eat dozens of melons and scores of cucumbers! The minute account of the way in which Mr. Giffard prepares his palette is more instructive than details about his



luncheon. We can sincerely recommend this book as entertaining to read; for it is full of gossip, autobiography, and anecdote. It would be impertinent, however, to pretend to criticize painters on the evidence of woodcut copies of their work. There seems but little that is distinctly American, either in landscape or manner, in the gallery of engravings which this volume contains.

*The Bird and Insect's Post-Office* (Griffith and Farran) was a posthumous book for children, by Robert Bloomfield. The engravings are capital, and the letters, some of which are rather pert in tone, may interest children in the habits of birds and insects.

*Enid* (Moxon, Son, and Co.) is one of a series of books which tell the stories of the Tennysonian idyls in prose. They are illustrated with the well-known engravings after Doré.

*Jane Taylor: her Life and Letters* (Mrs. H. C. Knight, Nelson and Co.).—Mrs. Knight has wisely placed in the front page of her book the charming little picture of Jane Taylor designed by her father. It represents a Sir Joshua-like child of about ten years of age, with hair combed over her forehead and curls falling over her neck, with large steady eyes and a sweet, sensible face, which fitly portray the woman that she became a few years later. Jane Taylor passed most of her life in the Eastern counties, her father removing thither from London for the sake of economy when she was three years old. She was always fond of writing, and there is a funny little poem composed by her at eight years old which is very characteristic. She wanted a new garden, and begged her father to give her one in a plain, straightforward manner, which was not affected even by the fetters of rhyme. Jane always knew her own mind, and when she wrote poetry was true to the advice Mr. Yellowplush gave Bulwer Lytton. Her letters show that, although a Dissenter, she was free from most of the prejudices that hampered religious people in the early part of the century. She read novels, and even wrote tales, though she is best known as the author of *Hymns for Infant Minds*. Jane, however, could never throw aside her aversion to dancing. "It is the world," she says, "who dance, and the serious who do not." Dancing seemed to her the root of all evil, as private theatricals seemed to her contemporary, Jane Austen, who had seen more of the world than Jane Taylor ever did. About 1812 Jane passed some very happy years at Ilfrcombe and Cornwall with her brother Isaac, whose health had given way, and it was hoped that her own, never very strong, would benefit from the mild air of the West. Here she wrote *Display*, and began *Essays in Rhyme on Morals and Manners*, which, says Mrs. Knight, "interested her more than anything else she had ever written." She also contributed regularly to the *Youth's Magazine* the articles known as "The Contributions of Q. Q." As her strength declined she spent most of her time at home, and when too weak to write herself, sympathized with and encouraged her brother Isaac in his literary efforts. Mrs. Knight has acted rightly in allowing Jane to tell her own story. Her letters and her simply recorded actions speak for themselves as no comments could do, and the little book, once opened, is sure to be finished with pleasure.

*Brave Boys* (J. M. Darton, Weldon and Co.).—The title of *Brave Boys* naturally suggests to us a whole series of anecdotes of the early youth of heroic men. We expect a new and lively description of Nelson's "Fear, papa, I never saw Fear"; of Olive climbing to the weathercock of Market Drayton steeple; of Casabianca on the burning deck. What we do not expect is a picture of the Prince of Wales drinking afternoon tea with his back to the fire at Sandringham; a short biography of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Smith; or an account of the way in which Mr. Sutton, the eminent seedsman, passes his day at Reading. All these gentlemen, and many others mentioned in the book, have been successful in their lives, and deserve congratulations on their luck, or praise for their perseverance and industry. It is far from our intention to doubt their courage in any emergency, only this valuable quality does not seem, as far as we are allowed to judge, to have been specially exhibited in boyhood. There are no stories of how the Prince stopped a bull, or how Mr. Smith led the boarders; only the dry records of lives, interesting and instructive enough in themselves, but not more interesting and instructive for any light that Mr. Darton has thrown on them.

*The Men of the Backwoods* (Ascott K. Hope, Griffith and Farran).—No more admirable foil could have been found to *Brave Boys* than the *Men of the Backwoods*. Mr. Hope has done his work carefully and well, and with an amount of self-restraint that tells much in his favour. He seems to know what he is writing about, and what boys like to read about, and he tells his stories as straightforwardly and simply as possible. Very truculent many of these stories are, and we tremble for the sisters of the boys who read these moving adventures. People who study this book will realize now, if they never did before, what the early settlers in America had to contend with, and of what iron constitutions they must have been before they could survive the ingenious devices of "the poor Indian," whose "untutored mind" was fertile in devising exquisite tortures for his pale-faced brethren.

*Reclaimed* (A. Eubule Evans, S. P. C. K.) contains an amazing quantity of incident; and, if the reader is not too particular about quality, he may be very well entertained. The hero of the tale is an artist of the name of Gaye Mildmay, who employs his idle hours in painting a scantily clothed fisher-girl as the "Spirit of the Summer Sea." This child, familiarly known as "Fidgets," and supposed to be the daughter of a rough old boatman, falls in love with the artist, who ultimately turns out to be her

cousin. By the evidence of an ill-treated curate it is proved that Fidgets was really picked up off a wreck, and her long-lost grandfather, a rich old gentleman, comes forward to adopt her. She runs away to the artist, is treated by him with contempt, joins a troop of strolling players, is rescued by the curate, and reappears five years later as a full-blown beauty. The artist again meets her, and falls in love with her, and is rejected—a needless piece of cruelty on the part of the author, seeing that the curate, on whom Fidgets has bestowed her wandering affections, dies of devotion to his flock, and the heroine's lonely future is left for each reader to fill in as she likes best.

*Mrs. Dobbs' Dull Boy* (Annette Lyster, S. P. C. K.) of course turned out the successful one of the family. His parents strove too diligently after social success, and brought their children up both by precept and practice in the school of dishonesty. When the usual commercial crash comes Mr. Dobbs disappears, and the rest cross the seas to begin their career afresh in San Francisco. Before this, however, Jem, the "Dull Boy," and his sister Dolly, have set up house for themselves in Manchester, and the tale is concerned with their struggles. The little meannesses of the Dobbs family in prosperity are well described, and especially the difficulties connected with the changes of Christian names; but Mrs. Dobbs must have failed indeed to profit by her rise in life if she had not learnt that "Dolly" is in the present day a name so fashionable that it throws the Belindas and Mirandas of a bygone generation completely into the shade. The story is well written and nicely got up, though we must protest against the extreme ugliness of the frontispiece.

*Fifty Years in Sandbourne* (Cecilia Lushington, Griffith and Farran).—Miss Lushington has given us a pretty little sketch of life in a seaside village fifty years ago. The heroine was certainly severely tried, out-living, as she did, her husband, her twin sons, who were both drowned on the same day, and her daughter, who died when she heard the news. The descriptions are simple and natural, and we shall hope to see more works from the same pen.

We have already received some pretty Christmas cards from Mr. Albert Hildesheimer, with designs of flowers, birds, children at play, and winter landscapes, such as fallow deer trooping through the snow. For some of these designs Mr. Weatherly has written neat and appropriate verses, which seem to us adequately to represent the skill of his industrious muse. Mr. Rimmel's *portfeuille comique* is a more lively little work. Here is "art with poisonous honey stolen from France," the Laureate would say; but the poison will do no one any harm, and the art is very light-hearted. Orpheus harps to a heedless Eurydice; Chilperic dances, elaborately mindful of his "steps." Le Sultan de Moche inspects a regiment of fair women through his serene eyeglass. There is an almanac at the back of these designs, and other scented almanacs are adorned with portraits of musicians. In comparison with these French frivolities, Mr. Murray's useful "Time-table Diaries," in which you learn all about the hours when trains and steamers start, with many facts about the Metropolitan Railway, seem dull; but then they are distinctly serviceable, and can be carried in a neat leather case. The Daily Calendar of Messrs. Bemrose and their Monthly Diary disdain æsthetic glitter, and commend themselves by convenience of arrangement, lightness, and cheapness.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ON this month's list of American works are two collections of historical documents of very different character and value, but both of them dealing with the fierce political struggles that preceded the final appeal to arms to decide the issue between North and South. A selection from the speeches of Daniel Webster (1) contains some of his most telling and best-remembered professional addresses, as well as of his public harangues. American oratory seems to English taste fantastical and unimpressive. Whenever it touches on those incidents in their comparatively brief national history upon which the martial vanity of Americans is chiefly concentrated, it seldom escapes the vice which the self-satisfying humour that our Transatlantic kinsmen share with ourselves has aptly denominated "spread-eagleism." Even an uneducated English audience would probably receive with laughter or with hisses those oratorical appeals to national conceit in which even the most cultivated and most eminent American orators are not ashamed to indulge, and which evidently find an echo in the breasts of their hearers. This is the more remarkable because many of the achievements on which the average American prides himself, and which are recorded by great public monuments and periodical commemorations, were such as European nations would hardly rank among the most glorious points of their military history. It may be that we perceive the error the more keenly because so many of these much-boasted victories were gained over English soldiers. But there seems only matter for moderate exultation in Bunker's Hill and New Orleans, where the Americans in one case merely held fortifications which their enemies, approaching with stubborn daring over open ground, could never reach; in the other, ran as soon as the comrades of those whom they had shot down at their leisure

(1) *The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster; with an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style.* By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

charged at the point of the bayonet over the entrenchments. Nor would any other civilized nation care to boast very much over the defeat of English frigates by vessels that were in fact, though not in name, almost line-of-battle ships. Americans never care to remember, when recounting their triumphs, that in no case did they encounter more than the leavings of the English force, the strength that Great Britain could spare when engaged in desperate conflict with more than one formidable European enemy. The tremendous odds of numbers and resources would prevent such a Power as France, Germany, or Russia from glorying greatly in the overthrow of the anarchical Mexican Republic, or in the final defeat of six millions by twenty-two, after four years of stubborn fighting, in which, on the whole, the preponderance of honour certainly fell to the weaker side. This national weakness is scarcely less perceptible in the harangues of Webster than in those of his degenerate successors; and even in his successful appeals to the prejudices of juries there is much of that "hifalutin" for the absence of which—by comparison, of course, with others—his editor gives him credit, and which would hardly have had equal success with twelve plain English tradesmen or farmers, while it would certainly have offended the taste of an English Bench and Bar. But the value of the work lies in those political speeches which deal with the sectional issues of Webster's time, and prove how early that bitter hostility arose between North and South which culminated in the election of 1860, the piratical raid of John Brown—glorified at the time as an heroic exploit, not only by the newspapers and populace, but by the public authorities of many Northern States—and finally in secession and civil war. It is noteworthy that during the heat of the Missourian and Texan quarrel Mr. Webster emphatically predicted the impossibility of peaceable secession, and pointed to that one great practical interest which in the eyes of impartial historians will probably be thought the best justification of the North—the interest which all the States between the Alleghannies and the Alkali Desert have in the lower course of the Mississippi.

Mr. Pike's collection of articles from the *Tribune*, and of private letters from Mr. Greeley and others, relating to the party controversies of the ten years preceding the war (2), has no other interest than as exhibiting the furious, ungovernable passions which animated the party to which the writers belonged, and would explain, had there been no other and keener provocation, the reciprocal ferocity and desperate resolve of the South. It was impossible that passions so fierce should be restrained within the bounds of law, especially when, on one side at least, they were linked with all the dearest public and personal interests of a people. Bitter as are still the feelings of extreme Republicans on the one side, and of a certain party in the South, especially in the Gulf States, upon the other, their expression, despite the memories left by war, is more moderate on both sides than it was in the years between 1850 and 1860.

Mr. Bateman's elaborate treatise on the Political and Constitutional Law of the Union (3) deals chiefly with a problem which, though it will recur in one form or another for a longer period than political foresight pretends to cover, can now be solved only in one way. An indestructible Union of indestructible States—such is the definition of the Federal bond, taken from a judgment of the Supreme Court quoted on the title-page, which the whole volume is intended to illustrate, amplify, and enforce, chiefly by historical evidence and inference. There can be no doubt on the part of those who have studied the original documents that the indestructibility of the States was, in the eyes of those who reluctantly consented to substitute a strong Confederacy for a loose league of independent States, paramount in importance to the indestructibility of the Union. No single State probably would have agreed in 1789 to renounce the right of secession, much less to admit the right of Federal coercion. The former was actually asserted in so many words by Virginia in her formal ratification of the Constitution; the latter, debated in the Convention, was deliberately and purposely excluded from the Constitution. But now that the majority of States are little more than convenient political subdivisions with an origin long subsequent to that of the Union, and with no history independent of it—now that the South, whose institutions and interests so long rendered her the stronghold of State rights, has yielded the question to the arbitrament of the sword—it is hardly conceivable that the course of American politics should tend to any other solution than the gradual increase of Federal power at the expense of local independence, and the assertion in all important controversies of Federal supremacy in the last resort. Mr. Bateman's argument, sound and strongly buttressed as it is, has, after all, little more than an historical value.

Mr. Johnston's *History of American Politics* (4), though its author's bias is evident, is a tolerably accurate summary of the Congressional and extra-Congressional controversies of four generations, and is perhaps the most convenient book of reference of its kind. Somewhat curt and brief for the purposes of American

political students, it is exactly such a guide as English journalists more familiar with the general principles and leading events than with the details of American politics, have constantly required, and may contribute materially to render their references to Transatlantic disputes more accurate and more instructive to English, if less amusing to American, readers.

The collection of American poems (5) published by Messrs. Houghton and Osgood has somewhat disappointed us. The principle of selection appears to be a false one. Instead of choosing a variety of passages from the different works of the chief American authors, affording the reader the means of gathering a general knowledge of their character and comparing their various powers and peculiarities, the editor has taken some half-score of long and not particularly characteristic poems, and, setting these forth in full, has made them the text of biographical and literary comments, which, so strung together, can give but a very meagre and imperfect view of the department of literature to which the volume is intended to serve as an introduction. It is preposterous, for instance, to take Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Miles Standish* as the sole illustrations of an author whose minor pieces are among the most graceful and most popular in the language. "Snow-bound," again, and "Mabel Martin" are not among Mr. Whittier's most successful or most characteristic performances; and, though one or two minor poems are given with them, a selection which contains no single specimen of his passionate political and social invectives affords a very poor and imperfect, we might almost say a very false, idea of the militant Quaker poet of New England, at once the John Bright and Ebenezer Elliot of abolitionism.

A much more satisfactory work, despite the accident which has left it imperfect and unpolished, is the collected volume of the late Bayard Taylor's *Studies in German Literature* (6). The value of these lectures, taken separately, is undeniable, and had they been finally revised by their author according to his original intention, and compressed and connected before appearing as a single volume, they would doubtless have afforded an introduction to the study of German literature in general as excellent and interesting as are particular lectures when regarded as opening to the students of Cornell University particular ages or branches of that vast whole. The chapter most interesting to the English reader will probably be that which deals with the earliest extant national literature of the Teutonic races—the *Nibelungen Lied* and the minor pieces and fragments of ballad or epic poetry that centre around that magnificent relic of German antiquity. Next to this we may place that account of the life and works of Goethe, and especially that carefully studied view of the meaning and moral of *Faust*, into which the author has thrown all his energy and earnestness, and which, whether true or false to the actual intention of the poet, is at any rate a most interesting and original presentation of a work which as a whole has seldom seemed to less enthusiastic and patient readers coherent and intelligible.

Mr. Deshler's *Afternoons with the Poets* (7) deals with English poetry and the effect of foreign and native influences thereon, from Chaucer to Tennyson, Longfellow, and Lowell. The multitude of more recent claimants to the poetical title has not a little embarrassed the author, and his selection will no doubt be in many cases deemed unjust and even absurd. Of course personal preferences and native taste must operate powerfully in any such discrimination. Still it is surely a proof either of deficient knowledge or defective taste to enumerate Drake, Alston, Stedman, Sidney Dobell, and Blanco White, and to omit the author of *Philip van Artevelde*. Indeed, in the whole of the last two chapters devoted to the living generation of poets and to their fathers, there are scarcely half a score of names decidedly entitled to preference over those of Henry Taylor and of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The work is cast in the form of conversations, in which a Professor—representative, no doubt, of the author—asserts the same overwhelming preponderance that Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* does in fiction, and that Coleridge appears to have done in real life. The prolixity characteristic of such conversational monopolists taints the entire work, and is its chief, though not its only, fault.

Dr. Warren's *Recreations in Astronomy* (8) must be pronounced a somewhat more than average specimen of the class of works to which it belongs—namely, attempts to popularize the most profoundly interesting, and perhaps the most advanced, of natural sciences. Some writers have failed to command the attention they have perhaps deserved because, beginning with the explanation of the simplest and smallest points, and leading their readers step by step to those facts and objects which give to astronomy its especial and fascinating grandeur, they dismay or tire the student before they have won and fixed his attention. There is no doubt that the method of proceeding step by step from the small to the great is the truer educational and scientific procedure; but it is the less attractive. It may be suited to those who are willing or obliged

(5) *American Poems*—Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson. With Biographical Sketches and Notes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(6) *Studies in German Literature*. By Bayard Taylor. With an Introduction by George H. Boker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(7) *Afternoons with the Poets*. By Charles D. Deshler. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(8) *Recreations in Astronomy; with Directions for Practical Experiments and Telescopic Work*. By Henry White Warren, D.D., Author of "Sights and Insights," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(2) *First Blows of the Civil War; the Ten Years of Preliminary Conflict in the United States, from 1850 to 1860: a Contemporaneous Exposition*. Compiled by James S. Pike, former U.S. Minister to the Netherlands. New York: the American News Company. London: Trübner & Co.

(3) *Political and Constitutional Law of the United States of America*. By William O. Bateman, Counsellor-at-Law. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(4) *History of American Politics*. By Alexander Johnston, A.M. New York: Holt & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.



to learn carefully and thoroughly, to intelligent students not to be deterred by difficulties or preliminary tedium, or to scholars too young to choose their subjects for themselves; but it fails with the fastidious and impatient mass of general readers. Those who, like Dr. Warren, plunge at once *in medias res*, tell us first of the grand results of their science, and afterwards of the means by which those results have been attained, and the simple instruments whereby they can be to a great extent verified, and who afterwards (or not at all) connect the great truths of celestial science with those minor illustrations of the same principles with which our daily terrestrial life is familiar, succeed in popularizing, if they somewhat degrade, the study which they present to the public. For those who have neither leisure nor inclination to read so big a book as Guillemin's *Heavens*—which, despite its formidable size, may be pronounced the most fascinating of all works of this class—nor patience and intellectual conscientiousness to wade through the preliminary dryness of manuals like those of Airey and Lockyer, will find these "Recreations" true to their name. They are easy, entertaining, requiring no intellectual exertion beyond that which is a pleasure to all minds of average cultivation, and suited to those who wish to acquire familiarity with the latest results of minute and laborious research with the least possible toil of their own.

Of technical works we have an unusual number. The most important to the general reader is a sort of appendix to those invaluable Reports on the survey of the Central and Pacific Territories to which we have so often had occasion to call attention (9). Another deals with the properties of various alloys of copper and tin (10); another with the American silk manufacture (11).

Professor Robinson's interesting treatise on ferns (12) comes to us in its third edition; but we do not remember to have seen before this highly readable work on a peculiar and very important branch of botany and horticulture. It possesses, at any rate, the merit of simplicity and of perfect intelligibility to the unscientific reader. The same may be said of Professor Wheeler's manual on a widely different subject—an elementary explanation of the principles of strategy and tactics (13). It is too general, perhaps, to be quite adequate to the needs of those professional students for whom it was primarily intended, but exceedingly useful to such readers and writers as may desire to follow intelligently the accounts of campaigns and battles in history or in the newspapers without having leisure or energy to master a work so elaborate as that of General Hamley.

Among periodicals, the Annual Register of the Canadian Dominion, published by Messrs. Dawson Brothers, of Montreal (14), and the Papers of the Southern Historical Society, of which we have before us the number for November 1879, deserve especial mention. The work of the last-named Society is the collection and publication of original documents—chiefly formal reports and comments thereon by those who shared in the operations described—respecting the movements of different corps and armies in the Confederate service. Most of them are of the highest historical importance, and many are written with a clearness of language, vividness of description, and freedom from needless technicality that render them highly interesting to unprofessional readers.

Of fictions we have *Sealed Orders* (15), by the well-known and very popular author of *The Gates Ajar*, whose tone and quality will be easily anticipated by readers familiar with Miss Phelps's previous works; and the *Bodleys Afoot* (16), a sequel to an amusing story, for which thousands no doubt of English as of American youth of both sexes are grateful to the author.

From the pen to which we owe the remarkable, if not very popular, poem of *Deirdre* we have now a somewhat similar work, under the no less strangely-sounding name of *Blamid* (17). A new and elegant edition of the ever welcome works of Washington Irving (18), got up in a style worthy of that gracefulness which gives

their rare and peculiar attraction to all that author's writings, will save trouble and reflection to many purchasers somewhat at a loss for a Christmas gift sure to be useful and well received.

Wholly apart from all ordinary divisions of literature stands the very remarkable catalogue of scientific serials (19) published under the auspices of Harvard University. It purports to include the titles of all periodicals dealing with scientific subjects in all the countries of the Old and New World, and the Transactions of all Societies devoted to the natural, mathematical, and physical sciences published between 1633, which may be taken as the date of the appearance of such records, and 1876. The merit of such a compilation lies, of course, in a completeness of which no ordinary critic can well judge; but, so far as we can see, this most important and valuable work of reference is as perfect as the careful labour of years could make it.

(19) *Catalogue of Scientific Serials of all Countries, including the Transactions of Learned Societies in the Natural, Physical, and Mathematical Sciences, 1633-1876.* By S. H. Scudder. Cambridge: Library of Harvard University. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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#### CONTENTS OF No. 1,256, NOVEMBER 22, 1879:

Irish Sedition.	
Turkish Reforms.	The Belgian Government and the Vatican.
Mr. Forster and the Duke of Argyll at Leeds.	Statesmanship and Politics.
France.	The Restoration of St. Mark's.
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#### CONTENTS OF No. 1,255, NOVEMBER 15, 1879:

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